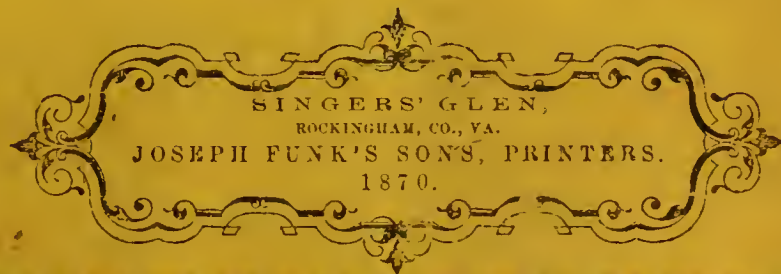


THE Song-Crowned King.

EDITED BY
ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



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THE
SONG-CROWNED KING,

A COMPILATION OF
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, FOR THE USE OF THE

SINGING SCHOOL, HOME CIRCLE, AND REVIVALS.

BY ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

PUBLISHED BY RUEBUSH & KIEFFER.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Compiler, in preparing "THE SONG-CROWNED KING" to be sent forth among his friends in the Singing School, the Happy Home, the Choir, and elsewhere, has been induced to do so in the hope that it will be found suitable to their tastes, instructive to their minds, and purifying to their hearts. The music it contains has been selected with special reference to the wants of the Singing Class, the Fireside, and the Revival.

In the Singing-School Department will be found, for the most part, only such pieces as are suitable for class practice. Pure, chaste in their sentiment, but with nothing devotional. They are of an attractive character, interesting for practice, and we think unexceptionable.

The Happy-Home Department contains only such gems of song as are appropriate for the home circle. This is the first book ever published which contains this feature. The want of just such a department in our music books has been felt by every family in the land, in which there is a love of song.

In the Choral Department will be found many of the grand old chorals which have been sung for hundreds of years by the Zion Traveler. Such music as must live while there are Christian tongues to sing, or hearts to feel a dying Savior's love.

In the Revival and Sabbath-School Department, there will be found many melodies which will alike be pleasing and productive of good.

The selections have been made from the best European and American authors; a great part of them from the German. The original music, of which there is considerable, is submitted to the public, which rarely, if ever, fails to pronounce correct judgment upon the productions of native authors. And just here the Compiler would express his thanks for valuable assistance rendered him by J. SMITH, Sr., and other friends in the profession.

In the preparation of this book, from an ardent love of the cause of Vocal music, and a desire of becoming useful, the Compiler has given his best energies, hoping it may be found worthy a place in the homes of those, with whose destinies his own has ever been linked.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

Singer's Glen, Va.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

OBSERVATION 1: It has been the object of the author to present, in a few brief chapters, the most important things, under the different heads which music is treated upon, necessary to enable the learner to gain sufficient knowledge to learn to read music correctly. It will be necessary to study the following chapters closely, however, as nothing is contained in them which is not of importance to the student. They are divested of all unnecessary terms, and the teacher, it is hoped, will use his influence to secure good discipline upon the subject, remembering that "Repetition is the mother of improvement."

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Every musical tone has three essential properties, without which it cannot exist, viz:

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

Hence the three grand distinctions into which *elementary instruction* in music is naturally divided.

- 1st. MELODY, treating of the *pitch* of sounds.
- 2d. RHYTHM, treating of the *length* of sounds.
- 3d. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of sounds.

Under these three general heads will be noticed every thing necessary to assist the pupil in learning to read music.

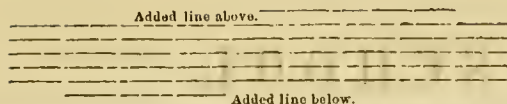
CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

§ 1. **THE SCALE.**—At the foundation of music lies a series of sounds called the **SCALE**. It consists of an ascending series of eight tones, which are counted from the lowest upwards, as one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and to which the syllables, Do, RE, MI, FA, SOL, LA, SI, Do, are applied.

§ 2. **THE STAFF.**—The tones of the scale are written upon a staff, with certain characters called notes. The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. On this staff we can write nine degrees of sound, although the compass of the staff may be increased by the addition of lines or spaces. These are called added lines above, and added lines below. Also spaces above, and spaces below. *Each* line is called a degree. *Each* space is called a degree.

THE STAFF WITH ADDED LINES.



§ 3. **CLEFS.**—The staff, however, is a meaningless character of itself, and of no use until we prefix other characters to it, called clefs. Of these there are two in use, the G clef and the F clef, as follows:



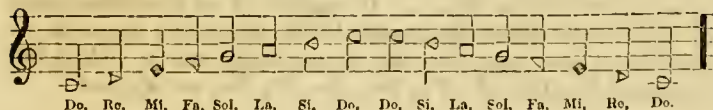
G Clef.



F Clef.

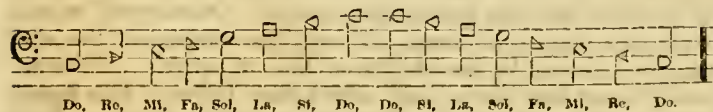
With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding sections, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner:



Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

With the use of the F clef the scale would stand thus upon the staff:



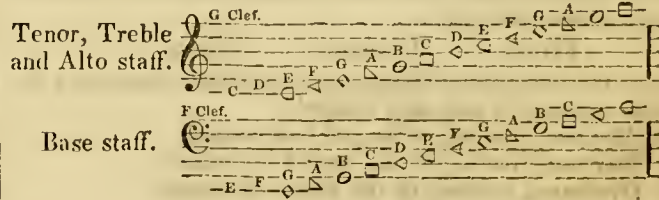
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

§ 4. **STEPS AND HALF-STEPS.**—The intervals of the scale are

seven. Some of these are greater than others. The greater intervals are called *steps*, the lesser intervals are called *half-steps*. Their order is, from Do to Re, a *step*; from Re to Mi, a *step*; from Mi to Fa, a *half-step*; from Fa to Sol, a *step*; from Sol to La, a *step*; from La to Si, a *step*; from Si to Do, a *half-step*.

§ 5. **NUMERALS.**—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do; 2 designates Re; 3 designates Mi, &c. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of a tune.

§ 6. **LETTERS.**—Letters are also written upon the staff. They occur in regular order, counting upward from the lower line of each staff. Their position is fixed. Notes may be written on different degrees of the staff, but letters occur always in the same regular order. The Clef fixes the position of the letter, but the first sound of the scale may be written on either line or space of the staff by the use of characters which will be given in due time. The letters on the staff stand thus:



§ 7. SHARPS, FLATS, AND NATURALS.—These are characters which affect the pitch of tones on the staff. A *sharp* is a character which, when placed before a note, raises its pitch a half-step; a *flat*, placed before a note, lowers its pitch a half-step; a *natural* is used to cancel the effect of a sharp or flat. The effect of a sharp, a flat, or a natural continues to operate on all the notes on the same degree of the staff in that measure in which they occur. By the aid of these characters we can introduce intermediate tones between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven of the scale. No intermediate tone can be introduced between three and four, and between seven and eight, as a half-step is the smallest practical interval known in musical notation.

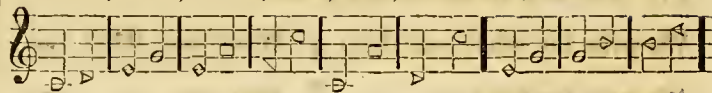
To illustrate the foregoing—



§ 8. DIATONIC INTERVALS.—In addition to the regular steps and half-steps of the scale, and the intermediate tones already mentioned, there are yet other intervals occasioned by skipping. A *second* from 1 to 2 of the scale; a *third* from 1 to 3 of the scale; a *fourth* from 1 to 4 of the scale, &c. A second is always the interval made by any one given scale-tone, to the next above it. A third from any given scale-tone to the second one above it. A fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh are found by a similar course of reckoning.

For example:

Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh. Thirds.



CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.



OBSERVATION 2: In practicing a Singing school in Rhythm, the teacher will find a black-board almost indispensable. Let him illustrate time-measures, notes, rests, etc., until each pupil can answer correctly. We do not form questions on each chapter, as we think the teacher should do that, because it will enable him to vary his questions until he is satisfied that all the pupils understand the subject.



§ 9. NOTES.—Music is written with characters called notes. Notes have two shapes or forms. A *figurate* form, which represents the *syllables* applied to them. A *rhythmical* form, which represents the *length* of sounds. There are five rhythmical notes in common use. They are named, whole, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth note.



§ 10. RESTS.—There are also rhythmical characters called Rests. Each note has its corresponding rest, and is named after the note whose rhythmical value it represents. They are marks of silence, and should be observed as particularly as the notes themselves.



§ 11. DIAGRAM OF NOTES AND RESTS.

We write the whole note thus:  Whole rest, thus: 

We write the half note "  Half rest " 

We write the quarter note "  Quarter rest " 

We write the eighth note "  Eighth rest " 

We write the sixteenth note "  Sixteenth rest " 

§ 12. NOTES AND RESTS.—Notes and rests have not a *positive*, but only a *relative* length. The whole note is the governing or ruling power in Rhythm. If we sing the whole note in six seconds, the half note must be sung in three seconds, the quarter note in one and a half seconds, the eighth note in three-quarters of a second, and the sixteenth note in three-eighths of a second. If we allow four seconds to the whole note, then the half note must receive but two seconds for its time, the quarter note one second, &c.

§ 13. MEASURES.—Notes and rests, when written on the staff, in a piece of music, are divided into equal time portions called measures. Measures are represented to the eye by the inter-spaces, separated from each other by perpendicular lines, called Bars. To illustrate:



§ 14. BARS.—There are four kinds of Bars in use. The Common Bar, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the Broad Bar, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the Double Bar, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of time, and the Close used at the end of a tune.

§ 15. PAUSES.—These are rhythmical characters used within the compass of the staff, and for the purpose of protracting the length of notes. A pause over or under a note protracts it about one-third its original length, though it is not an absolute character, and the time to be given to a pause is left to the taste of the performer. Sometimes it requires a much greater length than at others. There should always be a momentary suspension of the voice after the pause has been duly given to the note.

§ 16. POINTS.—The length of notes and rests is often increased by writing dots or points after them. A point adds one-half to the length of a note or rest before which it is placed. See following illustrations of the preceding fifteenth and sixteenth sections.

EXAMPLES :

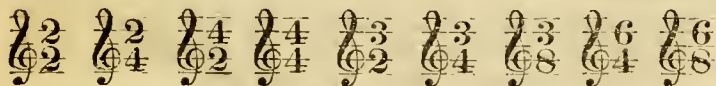


Thus the learner will see that the pointed whole note equals three half notes in length; the pointed half note equals three quarters in length; the pointed quarter equals three eighths in length, etc.

§ 17. OF TIME.—Time in Music is that length which we give to each note in a piece of music, relative to the whole note.

§ 18. OF MOVEMENT.—There are three movements of time—Common or Even Time, Triple or Uneven Time, and Compound Time. Common Time is divided into Double and Quadruple measures. Those measures which divide into two parts are called Double, and those which divide into four parts are called quadruple.

§ 19. OF VARIETY.—The various measures of Time used in this work will be expressed in the following manner, viz:



By the use of the notes, points, rests, and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time-measures may be written in the above indicated measures.

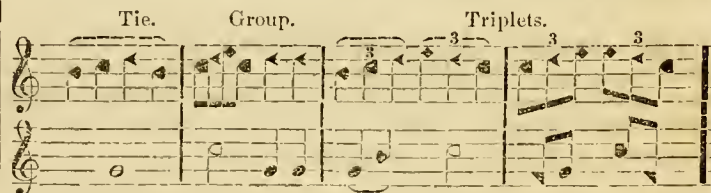
§ 20. PRIMITIVE MEASURES.—A measure is called primitive when it contains the number and kind of notes which the fraction expresses. For instance: In Double Time the measures must contain two half notes or two quarters; in Quadruple Time,

four half notes or four quarters; in Triple Time three half notes, three quarters, or three eighths, and in Compound Time, six quarters or six eighth notes.

§ 21. DERIVATIVE MEASURES.—Measures which do not contain the number and kind of notes called for by the fraction expressing the time, are derivatives. Derivative measures must contain the *quantity* expressed by the fraction, in other notes and rests.

§ 22. OF TIES.—It is frequently necessary to sing or warble three or more notes to one syllable of verse. These notes are always tied together by a curved line over or under them. These are called grouped or tied notes.

§ 23. TRIPLETS.—These are frequently met with in pieces of music. Three notes tied together with the figure 3 over or under them are required to be sung in the same time as two of the same denominational value without the figure 3. Illustrations of ties and triplets;



§ 24. REPEATS.—A line of dots placed across the staff indicates that the strain following is to be repeated to the Double

Bar. *Da Capo*, (*D. C.*) means, to repeat from the beginning, closing at the word *Fine* written above the staff.

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS, OR POWER.

OBSERVATION 3.—We have treated of tones in the preceding chapters as being merely high and low, and long and short. We now treat sounds as being *loud and soft*. No teacher can drill his class too much in expression and in accent, for they are the soul of music. Without these all-important requisites, singing is a dull, lifeless performance, unworthy the name, and without the power of music.

§ 25. ACCENT.—Accent is a particular stress of the voice given to certain notes in a measure of music, and to certain syllables in a line of poetry.

§ 26.—ACCENT IN MEASURES OF DOUBLE TIME.—The first note in a measure is invariably accented. In primitive measures there is but one accent—the first part is accented, the second is unaccented. Though measures may be so arranged in this movement as to take as many accents as beats.

§ 27. ACCENT OF QUADRUPLE MEASURES.—Primitive measures contain four notes, expressed by the fraction, and the accent is on the first and third, the second and fourth being unaccented.

These measures may be also arranged to take as many accents as beats.

§ 28. ACCENT IN TRIPLE MEASURES.—The first note in each measure is accented, the second and third are unaccented, but may be so constructed as to require three accents in each measure.

§ 29. ACCENT IN COMPOUND MEASURES.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, third, fifth and sixth are unaccented.

§ 30. DEGREES OF POWER.—For the purpose of varying expression according to the character of the music or the sentiment of the poetry, certain degrees of power are used. Some of them with their abbreviations are given in the following list, which may be applied to single notes or to entire measures and passages.

MEZZO, abbreviated *m.*—a medium degree of power.

PIANO, abbreviated *pia.* or *p.*—*soft*, *pp.* *very soft*.

FORTE, abbreviated *f.* *loud*, *ff.* *very loud*.

CRESCENDO, abbreviated < , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, abbreviated > , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, abbreviated ||| , separate and distinct.

RITARDANDO, abbreviated *Rit.*, gradually retarding the movement.

The sentiment of the poetry should in the main be a guide to dynamic expression.

§ 31. As a general thing where we have an ascending series

of tones in a piece of music, the voice should increase in volume, and where a descending series occurs the reverse is generally a safe rule for expression.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

§ 32. KEY OF C.—When the scale begins with C, it is said to be in the *Natural Key*, or *Key of C*. But the scale may be *transposed* so as to commence on any one of its seven letters, in which the letter taken as one is called the *Key Note*. Thus, if G is taken as one, it is called the *Key of G*; if D is taken as one, it is called the *Key of D*, &c.

§ 33. KEY OF G.—In transposing the scale, the proper order of intervals with reference to steps and half-steps must be preserved. In this key we have to substitute F sharp for F, in the former scale, as we must have a step from 6 to 7 of the scale.

§ 34. KEY OF D.—In transposing from C to D, we have to use two sharps, in order to preserve the agreement of intervals between 3 and 4 and 7 and 8 of the scale, F and C are sharped.

§ 35. KEY OF A.—In writing music in this key, three sharps have to be used for the same purpose, viz., that of adjusting the intervals.

§ 36. KEY OF E.—Four sharps are found to be necessary

in transposing the key to this letter, F, C, G and D sharp.

§ 37. KEY OF F.—The place of disagreement, when the scale is transposed to F, is between the 3d and 4th of the scale. To correct this it is found necessary to flat B.

§ 38. KEY OF B♭.—When the scale is transposed to B flat, there are found two places of disagreement. For the tones B and E we must substitute B flat and E flat.

§ 39. KEY OF E♭.—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E and A flat in order to adjust the intervals.

§ 40. KEY OF A♭.—In transposing the scale from E♭ to A♭, we have to use four flats, B, E, A and D flat.

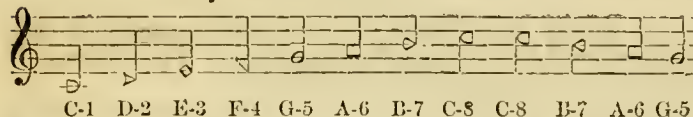
§ 41.—HOW TO FIND THE KEY.—It will be observed that the sharps or flats placed on the staff directly after the clefs, and which are the signature of the key, are not written directly over one another, but that each additional sharp or flat is written a little to the right of the preceding one. The following will serve as a rule: *The degree above the last sharp is 1 of the scale. The degree above the last flat is 5 of the scale. The last sharp or flat will be the one farthest towards the right.*

§ 42. The difficulty of reading round note music lies in the fact that any line or space of the staff may be taken as 1, and as there is but one shape for all the tones of the scale in round note notation, the syllables have to be found by calculation. In character notes the difficulty is avoided, as each note of the scale

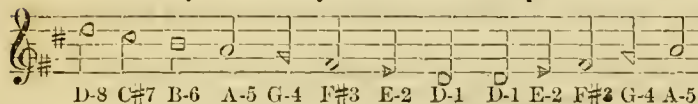
has a distinct shape which represents a given syllable, and this identity of shape and syllable is preserved throughout all the changes of transposition, rendering the reading of music in any key an easy matter.

§ 43. We have used but four sharps and four flats in the scale, as we have used but nine keys in this work. See the following illustrations of keys by transposition:

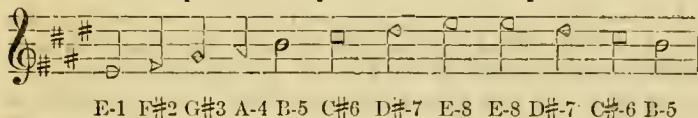
Key of C—Natural.



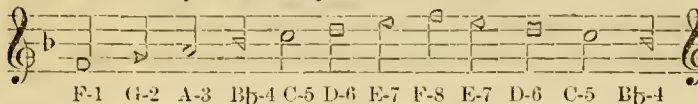
Transposed to Key of D—Two sharps.



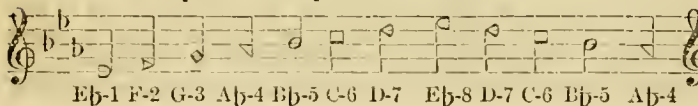
Transposed to Key of E—Four sharps.



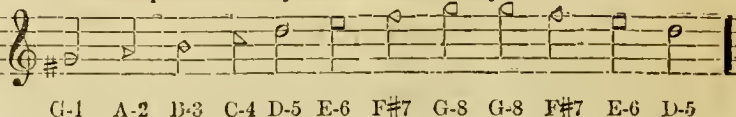
Transposed to Key of F—One flat.



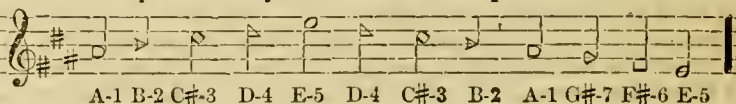
Transposed to Key of Eb—Three flats.



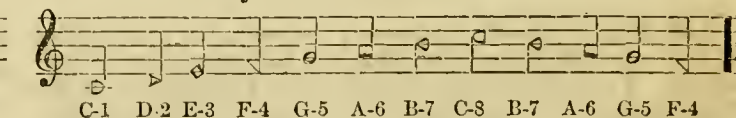
Transposed to Key of G—One sharp.



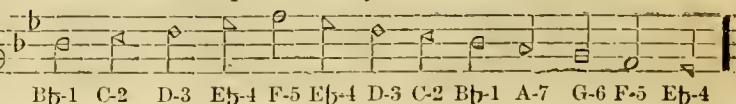
Transposed to key of A—Three sharps.



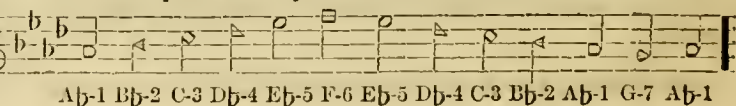
Key of C—Natural.



Transposed to Key of Bb—Two flats.



Transposed to Key of Ab—Four flats.



§ 44. In the above illustrations, it will be seen that sharps raise a fifth in the transpositions of the scale. Thus, in the scale of C, we count C-1, D-2, E-3, F-4, G-5; and by writing F sharp as the signature, we find that Do occupies the same position on the staff that Sol did in the scale of C. In each succeeding remove we find Do occupying the position of Sol in the former scale. In transposition by flats, we find flats remove a fourth in the scale, Do occupying the position in each succeeding scale that Fa did in the former. Thus C-1, D-2, E-3, F-4, flat B, and we count F-1, G-2, A-3, B \flat -4; flat B and E, and we commence B \flat -1, C-2, D-3, E \flat -4, and thus throughout the various removes,

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES AND RANGE OF PARTS.

§ 45. OF VOICE.—Although the compass of the human voice, if we include the highest female voices with the lowest male voices, extends through three or four octaves, yet it rarely happens that individual voices have a compass of more than one and a half or two octaves. Hence the necessity of *parts*, each of which is limited to the compass of a single voice or class of voices.

§ 46. THE PARTS.—The *Base* is the lowest part in music, and should be sung by male voices which are pitched low.

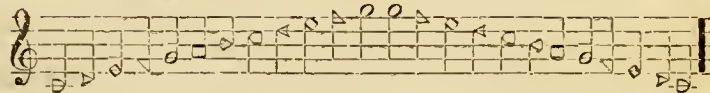
The *Tenor* is suited to male voices which are pitched high.

The *Alto* is adapted to female voices having a low pitch, and to boys before the change of voice.

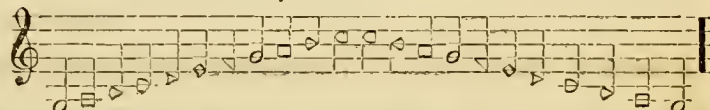
The *Soprano*, *Air*, or *Treble* should be sung by female voices of the highest range. Many female voices are equally adapted to Alto and Soprano. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff.

RANGE OF PARTS.

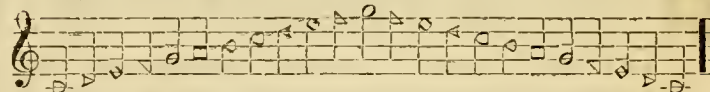
Tenor—Male.



Alto—Female and boys.



Treble—Female.



Base—Male,



§ 47. By the above illustrations it will be seen, that the Base voices should have a range from G lower line, to E second space above the Base staff. The Tenor voices have a range from C, added line below the staff, to G first space above the Tenor staff. The female voices have the same range, commencing and ending on the same letters, with this exception, G in Alto is an octave

higher than G in the Base, and C in Treble is an octave higher than C in Tenor.

Observation 4.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order, securing low voices for Base and high voices for Tenor, observing the same order for Alto and

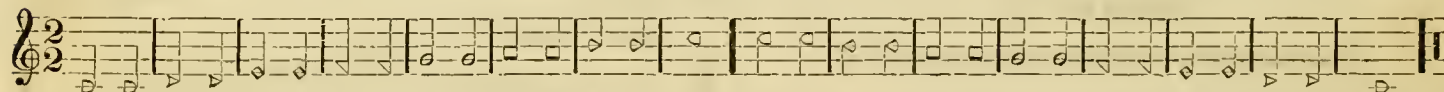
Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid much of the *harsh, grating* sounds occasioned by Base voices attempting Soprano; or the *weak, faint* sound occasioned by high voices attempting parts below their range.

With this ends our theoretical department. The next chapters are devoted to practical exercises.

CHARTER VII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

Example I.—Scale exercise. Two beats to each measure. First note in each measure loud, the second note in each measure soft.



Example III.—Quadruple Time. Four beats to each measure. Down, left, right, up. First note in each measure, loud; second, soft; third, loud; fourth, soft.

1 Shout a-cross the si - lent sea, Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy! Oh! what sight could glad-der be, Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy!
2 Days and nights a-lone we sail, Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy! Cheer her on the ris - ing gale, Ship a - hoy! Ship a - hoy!

Example IV.—Scale exercise in Quadruple Time.

Example V.—Triple Time. Three beats to a measure. First note in each measure, loud; second and third, soft.

Example VI.—Compound Time. Two beats to a measure. First and fourth parts accented.

1. My Christian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweetest union join, }
 Your friendship's like a drawing band, Yet we must take the parting hand. } Your company's sweet, your union dear, Your words delightful to my ear;
 D. C. Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords around my heart.

§ 48. In the foregoing examples we have given two of Double Time, two of Quadruple Time, one of Triple, and one of Compound Time. These are deemed sufficient to illustrate the movement of each kind of time. The subdivisions of these movements have been treated upon under § 19, of Variety.

The marking of the time should claim particular attention, and is performed in the following manner, viz:—the measures of Double Time must have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*; a down beat on the first part of each measure and an up beat on the second part. In measures of Quadruple Time, we have four beats or countings of the hand, *down, left, right, up*; a down beat on the first part of each measure, left beat on the second, right beat on the third, and an up beat on the fourth. In the measures of Triple Time we have three countings or beats of the hand, *down, left, up*; a down beat on the first part of each measure, a left beat on the second, and an up beat on the third part. In measures of Compound Time we have two beats

or counting of the hand, *down, up*; a down beat on the first part of each measure, and an up beat on the fourth part.

The accent of these measures has been treated upon under Chap. IV.

We have adopted the name Compound Time, instead of Sextuple Time as it is generally called, from the simple fact that it is a Compound measure. Two primitive measures of Triple Time added, will make a primitive measure of Compound Time. Few authors instruct the giving of six beats to the measure in this movement, as it has been found almost impracticable, and whenever attempted leads to dull, lifeless performance.

The following exercises are excellent as time exercises, and as we write them in full harmony, they will be found to be the right things for class practice, as time lessons. Again, we say, spare no pains in drilling thoroughly upon Time and Accent.

THE WIFE'S WELCOME.

From Cottage Glees.

1. The hearth is swept, the fire is bright, The kettle sings for thee; The cloth is spread, the lamps are light, The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,

1. The hearth is swept, the fire is bright, The kettle sings for thee; The cloth is spread, the lamps are light, The hot cakes smoke in napkins white, And

1. The hearth is swept, the fire is bright, The kettle sings for thee; The cloth is spread, the lamps are light, The hot cakes smoke in napkins white,

And now I wait for thee; And now I wait for thee; And now I wait for thee:

now I wait for thee, And now I wait for thee; And now I wait for thee.

And now I wait for thee, And now I wait for thee, And now I wait for thee.

2.
Come home, love, home, thy task is done;
The clock ticks listening,
The blinds are shut, the curtains down.
The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

3.
Thy task is done, we miss thee here;
Where'er thy footsteps roam,
No hand will spread such kindly cheer
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like those which wait thee home.

4.
Aha! along the crisp walks fast
That well known step doth come,
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
The babe is wild with joy at last,—
A thousand welcomes home.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

O, COME, MAIDENS, COME.

1. O come, maidens, come, O'er the blue rolling wave, The lovely should still be the care of the brave. Bright bil-low, gay bil-low, the

2. Wake the chorus of song and our oars shall keep time, While our hearts gently beat to the musical chime, Bright billow, gay billow, the

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/4. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written across the staves, with lyrics placed below the corresponding musical lines.

billow, billow, billow, billow, With moonlight and starlight We'll bound o'er the billow.

billow, billow, billow, billow, With oar-beat and heart-beat We'll bound o'er the billow.

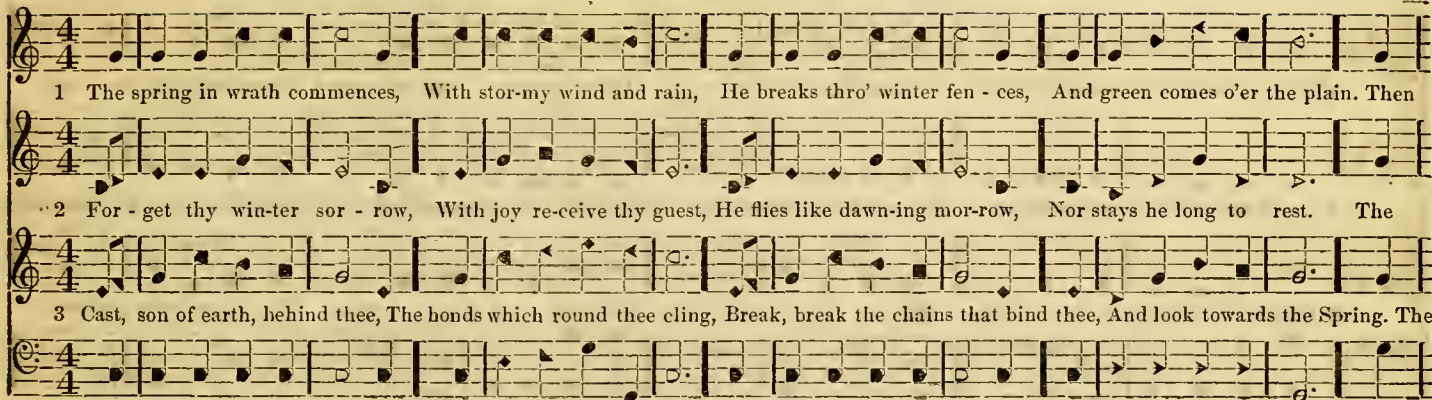
The musical notation continues on four staves, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the musical lines.

3
See the helmsman looks forth to yon beacon-lit isle,
So we shape our heart's course by the light of your smile,
Bright billow, gay billow, the billow, &c,
With love-light and smile-light we'll bound o'er the billow,

4
And when on life's ocean we turn our slight prow,
May the lighthouse of hope beam like this on us now,
Life's billow, frail billow, the billow, &c.
With hope-light, the true-light, we'll bound o'er the bil-
low.

Lively.

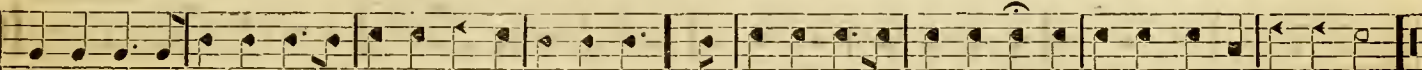
THE SONG OF SPRING.




1 The spring in wrath commences, With stor-my wind and rain, He breaks thro' winter fen - ces, And green comes o'er the plain. Then

2 For - get thy win-ter sor - row, With joy re-ceive thy guest, He flies like dawn-ing mor-row, Nor stays he long to rest. The

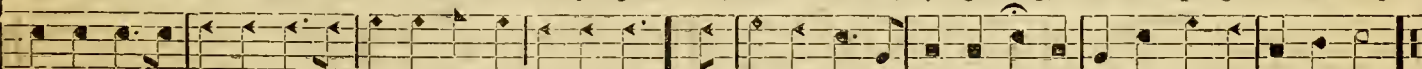
3 Cast, son of earth, behind thee, The bonds which round thee cling, Break, break the chains that bind thee, And look towards the Spring. The



wake, O man, thy vig - ils keep, And let not Spring find thee asleep, Then wake, O man, thy vig-ils keep, And let not Spring find thee a-sleep.



bud it swells, the flower blows, The mo-ments haste and Springtime flows, O therefore wake, thy vigils keep, And let not Spring find thee a-sleep.



ice will melt, the streams will flow, Thy troubles o'er, thy joys will grow, The ice will melt, the streams will flow, Thy troubles o'er, thy joys will grow.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

UNIVERSAL CHORUS.

1 Hal - lo - lu - jah ! Praise the Lord, In the heights of glo - ry ; Hosts of heaven ! with one accord, Shout the joyful sto - ry ;

2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue, Far and wide re-sound-ing ; Praise him with the harp well strung, While your hearts are bounding ;

3 Praise him with the vi - ol's string, Wak-ing joy-ous feel - ing ; While the vault of glo - ry rings With the or-gan's peal-ing ;

Praise him for his migh - ty deeds, Praise ye him, whose grace ex-ceeds All that heaven in songs concedes ; Worlds of bliss ! his praise re-cord.

Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre : Let his praise the lute in - spire ; Praise him in a migh - ty choir ; — Let his praise be loud - ly sung.

Let the cym-bals ring his praise, Wake the cla-ri-on's grand-est lays, Praise the Lord through endless days ; — Lo ! his praise creation sings.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MINOR SCALE.

There is an order of intervals called the Minor Scale. This series of tones has the sixth of the Major Scale for its fundamental or Key-note. The order of Intervals, is from 1 to 2, a *step*; from 2 to 3, a *half-step*; from 3 to 4, a *step*; from 4 to 5, a *step*; from 5 to 6, a *half-step*; from 6 to 7 a *step*; and from 7 to 8, a *step*.

The seventh of the Minor Scale is usually sharpened when it leads to the Tonic, La.

Each Major Key has its relative Minor Key, which is found a third below or a sixth above, as either counting will lead us to La, the Minor Key-note.

For instance, in the Key of C, natural major, we find that by counting down a third, to A, and naming the order of intervals up to A a sixth above C, we have the natural Minor Scale or Key of A minor.

The existence of a Minor Scale has been denied by some, and has been very much neglected of late, by all; but any one skeptical on the subject need but to look into the matter to be convinced of its existence and utility.

It is differently treated upon, by various authors, some presenting it in three forms, others in two; but by far the greater number treat it in its natural form.

It is not our purpose to enter into the Theory of a Minor Scale, resting assured that the following exercises will illustrate the different effect of its melodic construction from that of the Major.

The Major is bold, free, lively, and animated. The Minor is soft, plaintive, subdued.

In the last example page 24, both the Major and Minor Scales are employed, and we think any one after singing this exercise will be convinced, of the existence at least, of a natural Minor Scale.

We think it is DR. HASTINGS who says of the minor scale:

"This is the natural expression of the emotions of sadness, penitence, and grief. And certainly our Creator hath established the laws of the minor scale as really as he has the major scale. He has adapted that to our natures, and our natures to that as really as he has our natures and the major scale, the one to the other. And in a world like ours there is certainly a demand for tunes written in the minor scale. As long as we live in a world of sorrow—as long as we are sinful beings—have transgressions to confess, and mercies for which to supplicate, we shall have need to do it in strains, and in a manner corresponding to the feelings of the heart. But so little has this key been used of late, that many choirs know not how to perform a minor tune creditably; and many singers are highly prejudiced against it. And the reason is, not that their natures do not, at proper times, require it; but because they have been educated to execute major music solely, and have no taste for anything else; so that education and taste here do not at all answer to the demands of nature. Seldom do we hear a tune sung anywhere in that key, on the Sabbath at public worship, or in the social circle; and when such tunes have been selected, it has been a somewhat difficult thing to execute them, so little has the voice been accustomed to sing in this scale."

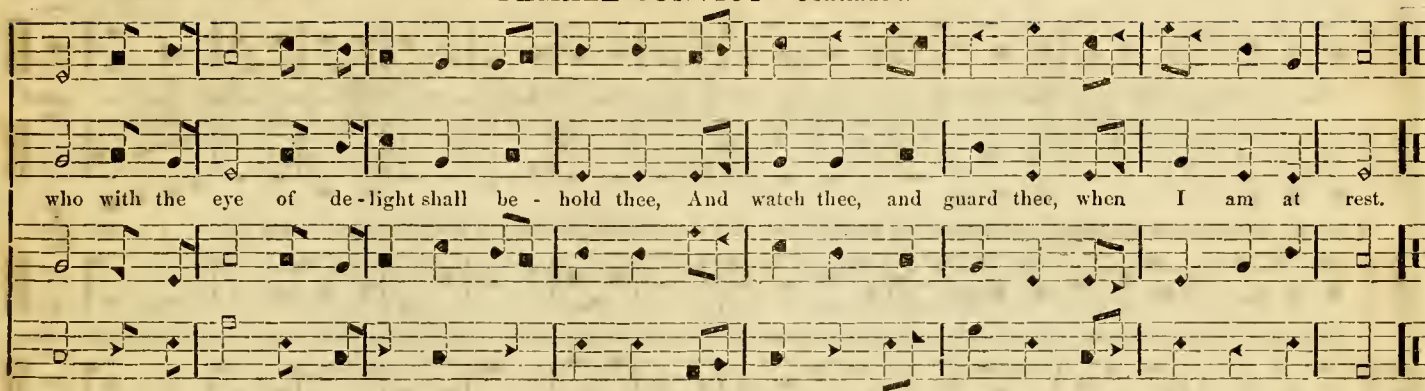
THE SINGING SCHOOL.

FEMALE CONVICT.

1 O sleep not my babe, for the morn of to - mor - row Shall soothe me to slum - bers more tran - quil than thine; }
The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from sor - row, Tho' the deed and the doom of the guilt - y are mine: }

Not long shall the arms of af - fee - tion en - fold thee, Not long shalt thou hang on thy fond moth - er's breast, And

FEMALE CONVICT—Continued.



2 And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee my dearest,
 The pangs of thy desolate mother to see:
 Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chains thou hearest,
 And none but the guilty should weep over me.
 And yet I must wake thee, and whilst thou art weeping,
 To calm thee I'll stifle my tears for a while;
 Thou smilest in thy dreams whilst thus placidly sleeping,
 And O! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smiles.

3 Alas my sweet babe, with what pride I had prest thee,
 To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,
 If the pure tie of virtue's affection had blest thee,
 And hail'd thee the heir of thy father's high name,

But now with remorse that avails not I mourn thee;
 Forsaken, and friendless, as soon thou wilt be,
 In a world, if they cannot betray, that will scorn thee,
 Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

4 And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken
 The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek;
 When by all but the God of the orphan forsaken,
 A home, and a father in vain thou wilt seek.
 I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,
 With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd;
 Deserted, and helpless, with whom can I leave thee
 O God! of the fatherless, pity my child!

THE SINGING SCHOOL.
THERE'LL BE SUNSHINE, BYE-AND-BYE. From MASON'S Song-Garden.

1 Winter weather, gloomy day, Clouds that keep the sun away, We watch in vain, the wind and rain, Will summer never come a - gain?

2 Sun-ny vi-sions soon are flown; Troubles never come a-lone; New sorrows fast succeed the past, And eve-ry day is o - ver - cast!

3 When we've tried, and done our best, We must learn to leave the rest; In heaven confide; if ills betide We'll view them on the brighter side,

Hark! a bird is sing-ing nigh, "There'll be sun-shine bye-and-bye," "There'll be sun-shine, sun-shine, Sun-shine bye-and - bye,"

Hark! a bird is sing-ing nigh, "There'll be sunshine bye-and-bye," "There'll be sunshine, sunshine, Sun-shine bye-and - bye,"

SINGING-SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Come, come all with cheerfulness,
 Let your songs be ringing;
 Music all your lives will bless,
 Therefore still be singing;
 Singing smoothes the rugged way,
 Through this vale of sorrow,
 Singing cheers the darkest day,
 Brings the brightest morrow.

When good humor flies away,
 Then comes care and sadness;
 Quickly sing a cheerful lay,
 All will soon be gladness,
 Music cheers the darkest hours,
 Peace and comfort bringing;
 What the dew is to the flow'rs,
 To the soul is singing.

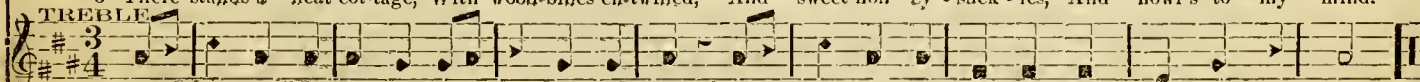
THE SONG-QUEEN'S HOME.

TRIO.
 TENOR



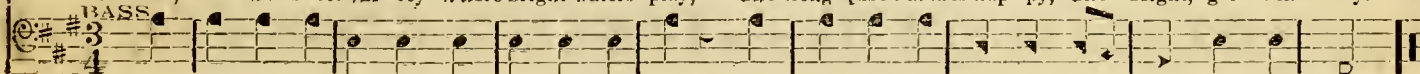
1 There is a sweet val-ley Where bright wa-ters play, Where eve-ning is mild-er, And bright-er the day.
 2 A grove, sweet-ly whisp'ring, Shades val-ley and spring, Where birds raise their nestlings, And teach them to sing.
 3 There stands a neat cot-tage, With wood-bines en-twined, And sweet hon-ey-suck-les, And flow'rs to my mind.

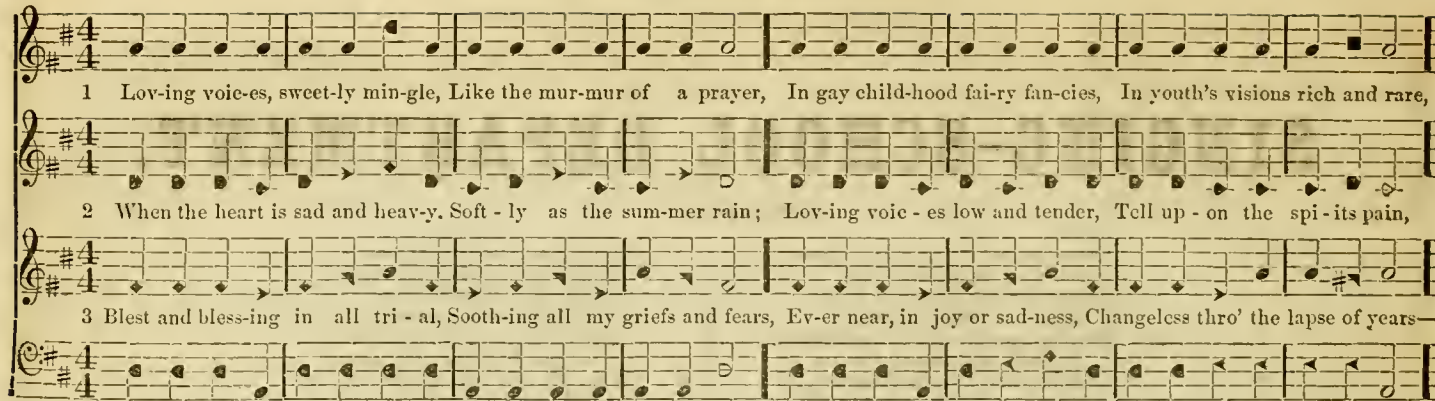
TREBLE



4 There Peace dwells with Freedom; There foes are not feared; There child-hood is cher-ished, And age is re-vered.
 5 There hearts, true and hum-ble, Their thanks-giv-ing raise, And make of their hearth-stone, An al-tar of praise.
 6 There, in that sweet val-ley Where bright waters play, The Song-Queen makes hap-py, The bright, gol-den day.

BASS

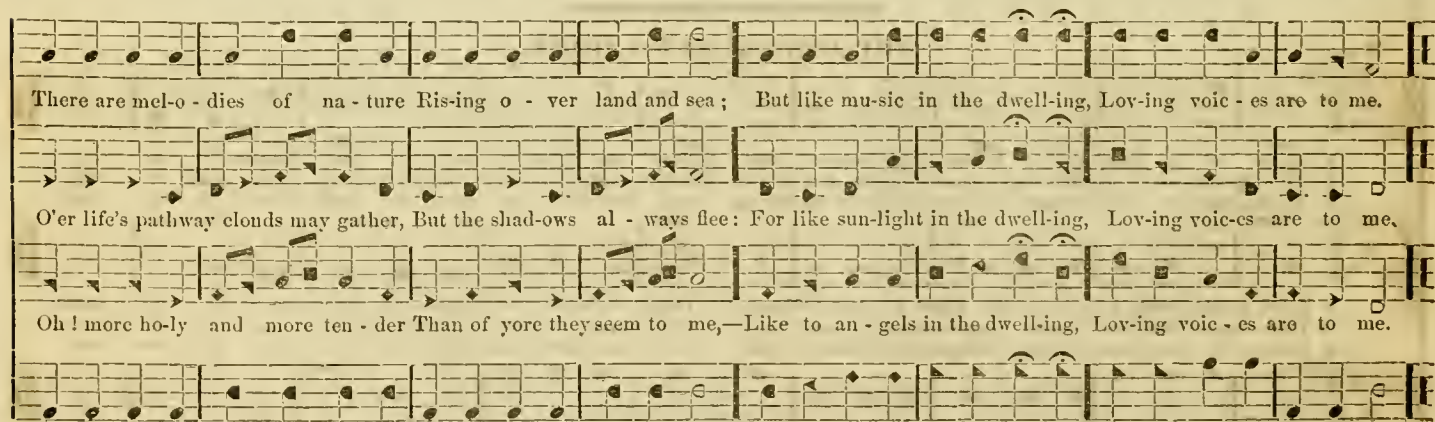




1 Lov-ing voic-es, sweet-ly min-gle, Like the mur-mur of a prayer, In gay child-hood fai-ry fan-cies, In youth's visions rich and rare,

2 When the heart is sad and heav-y. Soft - ly as the sum-mer rain; Lov-ing voic - es low and tender, Tell up - on the spi - its pain,

3 Blest and bless-ing in all tri - al, Sooth-ing all my griefs and fears, Ev-er near, in joy or sad-ness, Changeless thro' the lapse of years—



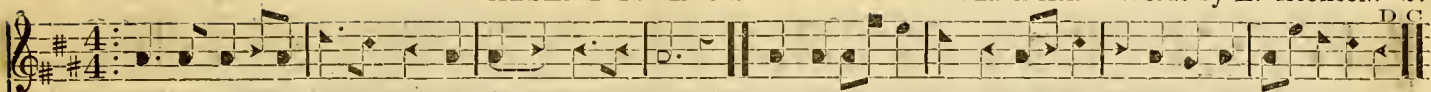
There are mel-o - dies of na - ture Ris-ing o - ver land and sea; But like mu-sic in the dwell-ing, Lov-ing voic - es are to me.

O'er life's pathway clouds may gather, But the shad-ows al - ways flee: For like sun-light in the dwell-ing, Lov-ing voic-es are to me,

Oh! more ho-ly and more ten - der Than of yore they seem to me,—Like to an - gels in the dwell-ing, Lov-ing voic - es are to me.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

WELSH AIR. Words by E. HICKSON. 27



1 Come, where joy and gladness Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest, Come, where grief and sadness Will not find a dwelling in your breast.

2 Thus, our days employing We are always learning some use-ful thing; These pursuits en-joy-ing, Mer-ri - ly to - geth-er we will sing,

Time with us will pass a-way, With books, or work, or health-ful play; Sometimes with a cheerful song, The happy hours will glide a-long.

Here we learn the songs of joy, Whose pleasures are with - out al - loy, And the teacher, too, we prize, Who strives to make us good and wise.

Come, where joy and gladness Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest ! Come, where grief and sadness Will not find a dwelling in your breast,

Come, where joy and gladness Make each youthful stranger a welcome guest ! Come, where grief and sadness Will not find a dwelling in your breast.

HOW SWEET TO BE ROAMING. (*Round.*)

1 How sweet to be roam-ing, When sum-mer is bloom-ing, Thro' wood-land and grove, Thro' wood-land and grove.

2 How sweet to be roam-ing, When sum-mer is bloom-ing, Thro' wood-land and grove, Thro' wood-land and grove.

3 How sweet, how sweet, How sweet to be roam-ing, When sum-mer is bloom-ing, Thro' wood-land and grove.



1 O'er the foam-ing bil-lows, Of the might-y sea, Lo! the ves-sel, bound-ing, Mer-ri - ly goes she!

2 Hap-py land they're seek-ing, Broad and fair, and free; Hap-py homes a - wait them, When they've cross'd the sea,

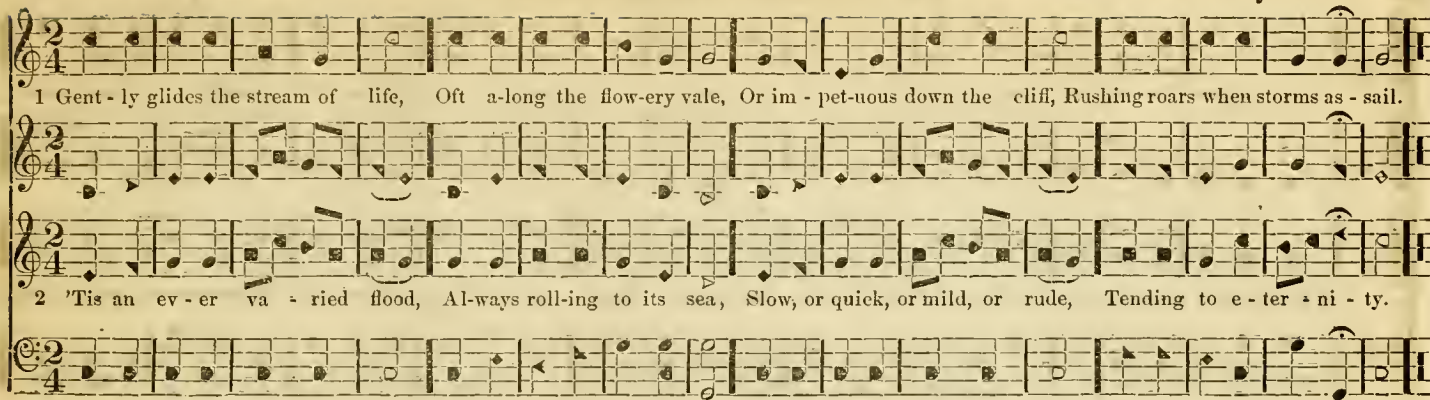
3 Soon they will have left us, Fresh the breezes blow; Hands are fond-ly way - ing Greet-ing as they go.



Hark! the crew are hail - ing Friends on land once more; God pre-serve their sail - ing, To the dis-tant shore.

There they'll dwell to-geth-er, Child-ren, husbands, wives:— God pre-serve them ev - er, Long and hap-py lives.

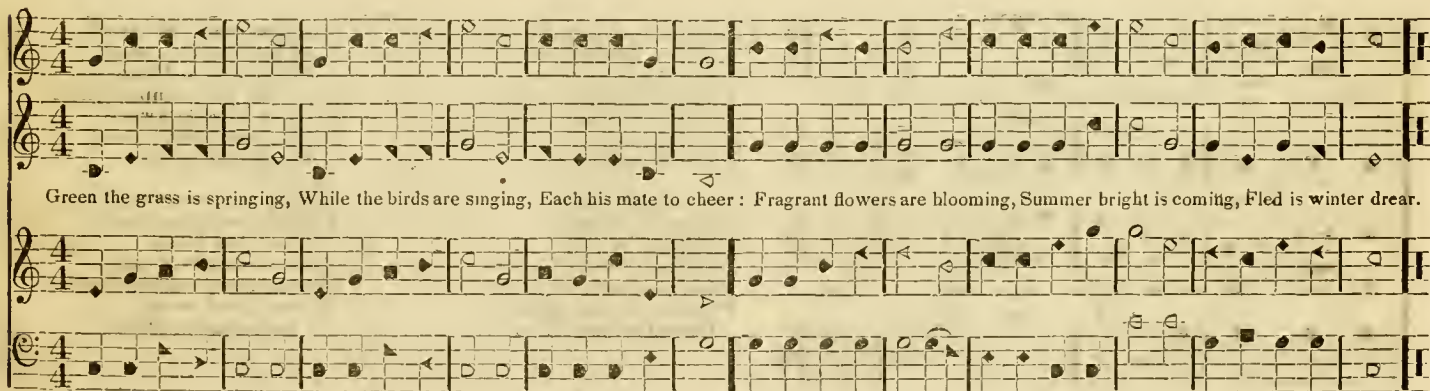
Hark! their voices hail - ing Friends on land once more;— God pre-serve their sail - ing, To the dis-tant shore.



1 Gent - ly glides the stream of life, Oft a-long the flow-ery vale, Or im - pet-uous down the cliff, Rushing roars when storms as - sail.

2 'Tis an ev - er va - ried flood, Al-ways roll-ing to its sea, Slow, or quick, or mild, or rude, Tending to e - ter - ni - ty.

SUMMER BRIGHT IS COMING.



Green the grass is springing, While the birds are singing, Each his mate to cheer : Fragrant flowers are blooming, Summer bright is coming, Fled is winter drear.

1 My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride;

2 My na-tive country! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;

From eve - ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.

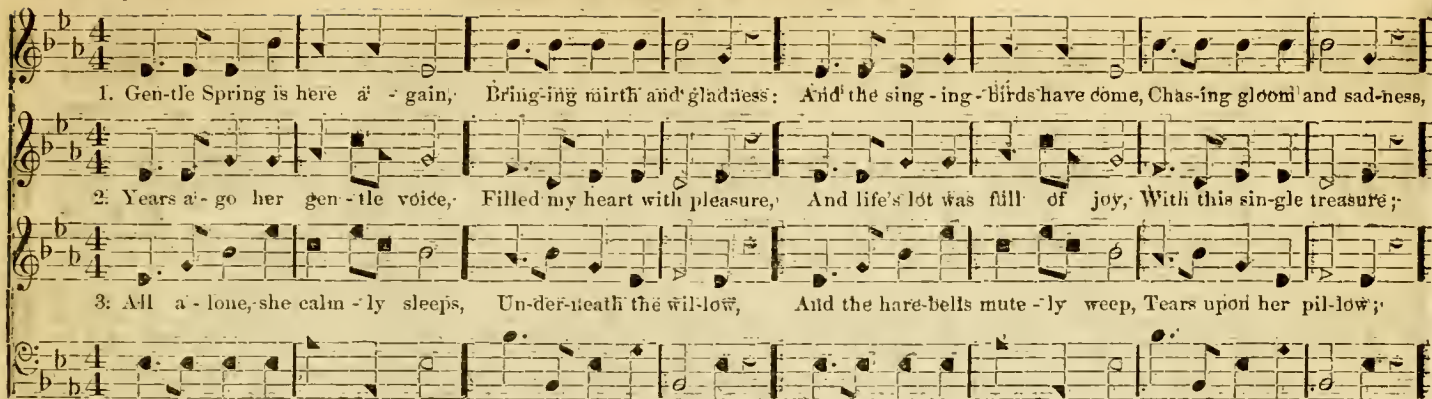
My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Thro' storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

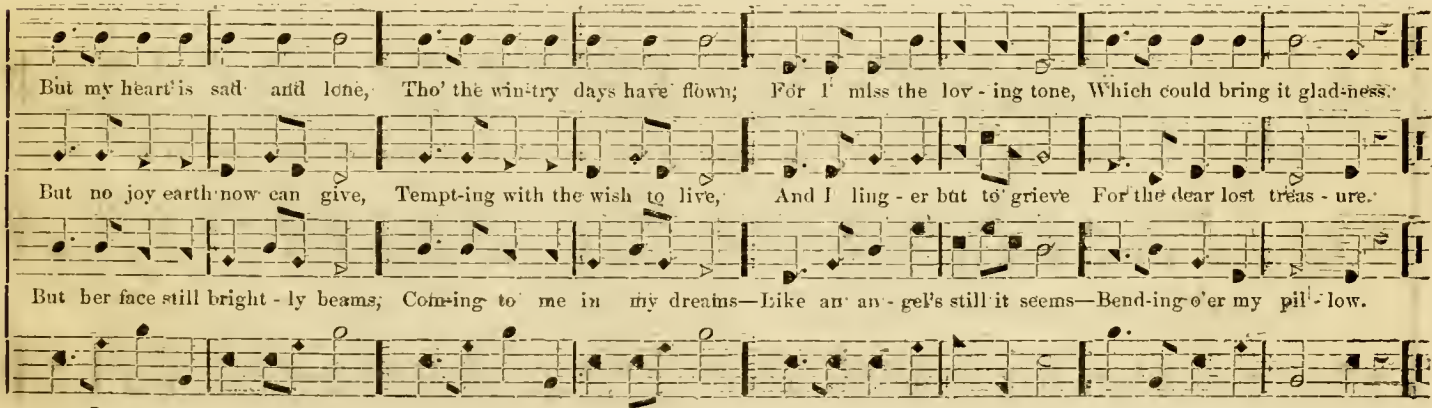
2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!



1. Gen-tle Spring is here a - gain; Bring-ing mirth and glad-ness; And the sing-ing-birds have come, Chas-ing gloom and sad-ness,

2. Years a-go her gen-tle voice, Filled my heart with pleasure, And life's lot was full of joy, With this sin-gle treas-ure;

3. All a-lone, she calm-ly sleeps, Un-der-neath the wil-low, And the hare-bells mute-ly weep, Tears upon her pil-low;



But my heart is sad and lone, Tho' the wintry days have flown; For I miss the lov-ing tone, Which could bring it glad-ness.

But no joy earth now can give, Tempt-ing with the wish to live, And I ling-er but to grieve For the dear lost treas-ure.

But her face still bright-ly beams; Com-ing to me in my dreams—Like an an-gel's still it seems—Bend-ing o'er my pil-low.

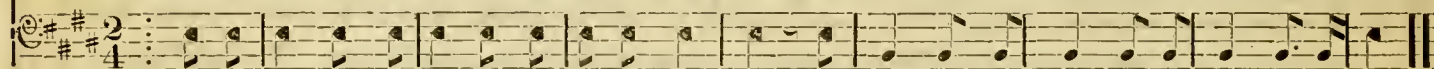
WILL YOU COME TO THE WOOD.



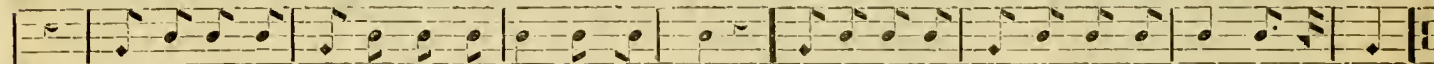
1 Will you come to the wood where the ev - er - greens grow, Whose leaves drink the dew, and de - cay nev - er know?
We will qui - et - ly chat and we'll mer - ri - ly sing, And drink of the wa - ter that flows from the spring. }



2 We will sit by the rill as it joy - ous - ly gleams, Like jew - els that shine in the bright sun - ny beams,
Which is dane - ing a - long, on its ju - bi - lant way, And ev - er finds wel - come, where e'er it may stray. }



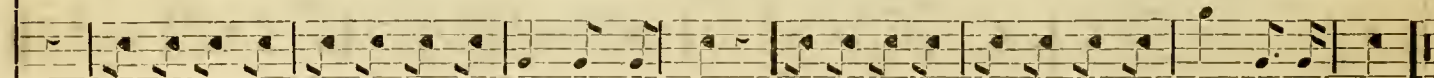
3 Come, then, haste to the wood where the ev - er - greens grow, Whose leaves drink the dew and de - cay nev - er know,
There we'll qui - et - ly chat and we'll mer - ri - ly sing, And drink of the wa - ter that flows from the spring. }



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the wood, Will you, will you, will you, will you, come to the wood?



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the wood, Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the wood?



Gently.

THE ANGEL EVER NEAR.

35

1 There is an an-gel ev-er near, When toil and trouble vex and try, That bids our fainting hearts take cheer, And whispers to us—"By and by."

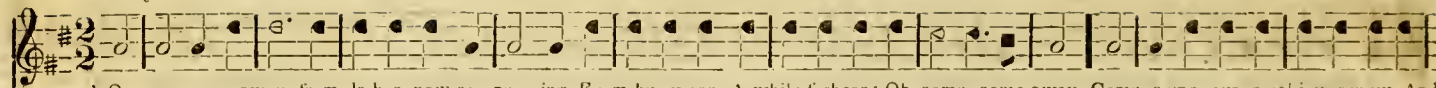
2 We hear it at our mother's knee; With tender smile and lovelit eye, She grants some boon on childish plea, In these soft accents—"By and by."

3 What visions crowd the youthful breast, What holy aspirations high Nerve the young heart to do its best, And wait the promise—"By and by."

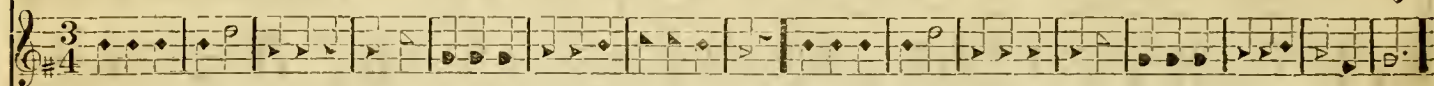
ECHO IN THE HOLLOW GLEN.

1 E - cho in the hol - low glen, Wake you from your sleep; Let us hear your voice a - gain, Loud and deep.

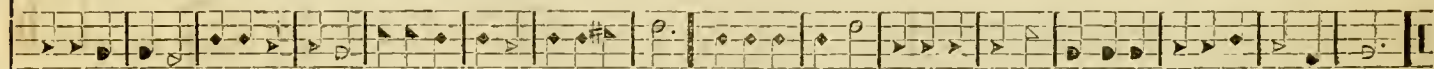
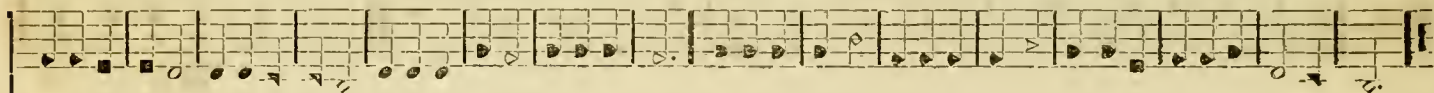
2 E - cho in the hol-low glen, Hear our gen-tle song: Then re - peat the mel - low strain, Clear and long.



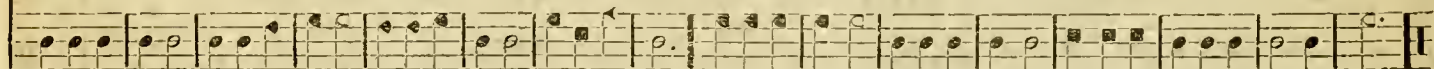
MURMURING RIVER.



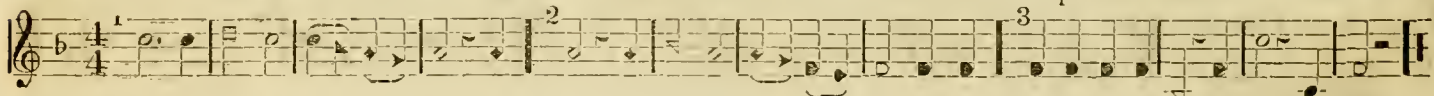
Mur-mur - ing riv-er, Still fall-ing ev - er, And si-lent nev-er, Thou hurriest by, Now softly flowing, Now brightly glowing, And clearly showing Thy waters lie.



Thro' meadows bending, Their breath and lending, The murtle covers Thy banks, and lovers As evening hovers, Are in its gloom.
Sweet flowers are sending Thy wave perfume,

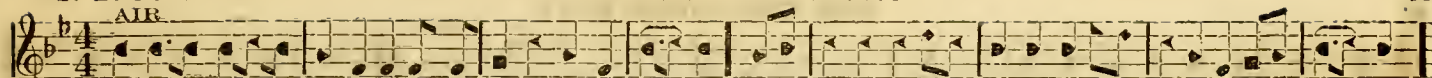


NOW TO ALL A KIND GOOD NIGHT. Round in three parts.



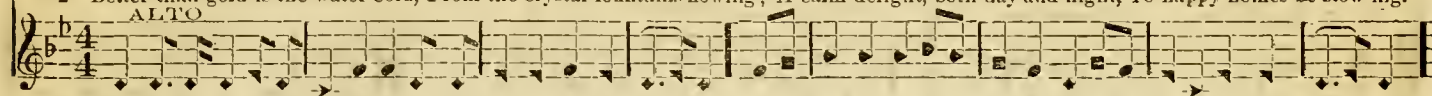
Now to all a kind good night, good - night, To all a kind good-night, Sweetly sleep till morning light, Good-night, good-night.

AIR




1 Sparkling and bright in its liquid light, Is the water in our glasses; 'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth, Ye lads and rosy lass-es.
2 Better than gold is the water cold, From the crystal fountains flowing; A calm delight, both day and night, To happy homes be-stow-ing.

ALTO




AIR



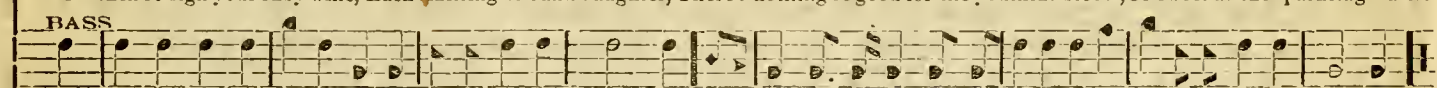
O then re - sign your ru-by wine, Each smiling son and daughter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling water.

ALTO

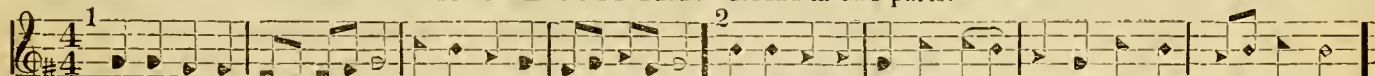


O then re-sign your ruby wine, Each smiling son and daughter, There's nothing so good for the youthful blood, Or sweet as the sparkling water.

BASS



IF THE COUNTRY. Round in two parts.



1 If the coun-try I'm to show, Thou must to the house-top go. 2 If the country I'm to show, Thou must to the house-top go.

OUR CHILDHOOD DAYS.

1 O sweet are the thoughts of our childhood, As they come in the still-ness of night, They bring back the cot in the
 D. C. The blos-soms with dew-drops so pearl-y, Still they come in the si-lence to me,

2 O that was the fresh-ness of springtime, Where no thoughts of the win-ter in-yade, No wea-ri-ness then toll'd its
 D. C. From la-bor our thoughts we can sever, And re-tur in the still-ness of night.

wild-wood, And the brook with its wa-ters so bright; The birds that a-woke us so ear-ly, With their songs in the old ma-ple tree,

sad chime, Or dull care on our path-way had laid; We wan-dered in joy-ful-ness ev-er, Where in dreams now of pur-est de-light

1 Tread ye soft-ly, speak ye gent-ly, Fold the mus-lin shade a-side, That the bright autumnal sunshine, May a-cross his chamber glide ;

2 Call-eth now un - to his spir-it, "Wearied one, come take thy rest ; I will guard thee whilethou sleepest, Pillow'd on the valleys breast.

3 Now a calm and ho-ly brightness Stealeth o'er his wrinkled cheek, And his hands are folded meekly, And his eyes are closed in sleep.

Wipe the dampness from his fore-head, Smooth the snow-locks from his brow, Bend and catch each broken whisper, For his Father calleth now.

I will guard thee, wea-ry pil-grim ; Place thy trust, thy hope, in me ; When I call my lambs to - geth - er, Thou shalt not for-got-ten be."

Tread ye soft - ly, speak ye gent-ly, Let your hearts be free from care ; Kneel ye by the sleeping pil-grim, And breathe forth an earnest prayer.

1 Si - lent - ly the shades of eve-ning, Gather round my lonely door, Si-lent-ly they bring be-fore me, Fa-ces I shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the un - for-got-ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got; Oh, the shrouded and the lonely, In our hearts they perish not.

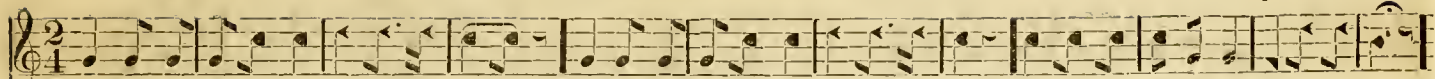
LEAVE ME NOT.

Music by ALDINE.

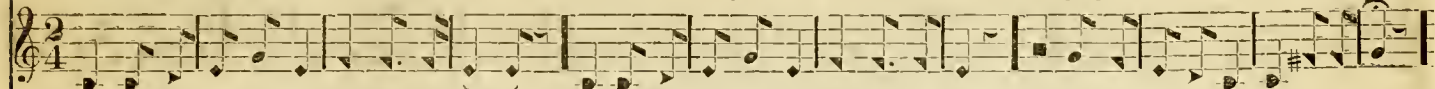
1 Leave me not, the way is lone-ly, Clouds are gathering o'er my head: Night is com-ing, fast its shad-ows, Fall up - on the path I tread.

2 Leave me not here in my sor - row, Wand'ring homeless on the earth; Far a - way from those who loved me, And the land that gave me birth.

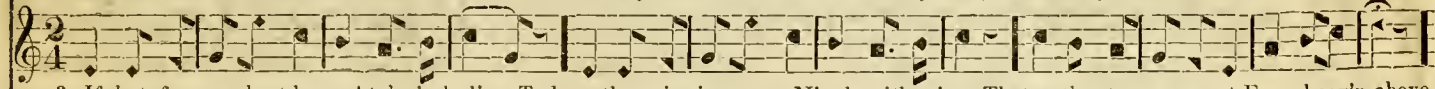
3 See the night is fast ad - vanc-ing, Ah! there's pity in your eye: Take me to your arms in mer-cy, Or I here must sink and die.



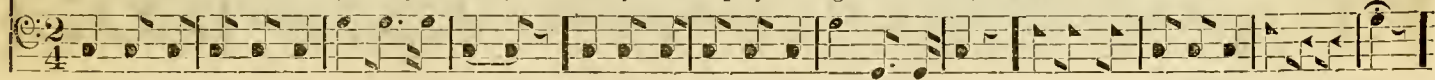
1 O wilt thou nev - er come Home to this breast, Home to this wea-ry heart With cares distres'd: Bringing thy gentle voice, thy sunny smile:



2 If but for one short day, Here all a - lone, To have thy warm heart beat Close to my own; To hold thy hand in mine, Thy lip to kiss!



3 If but for one short hour, At day's decline, To have thy voice in prayer Mingle with mine; That as the stars come out From heav'n above,



Ma-king my heart rejoice, If but a while. Bringing thy gen-tle voice, Thy sun-ny smile; Making my heart re-joice If but a while.



Oh, 'twould be heav'n to me—One day of bliss. To hold thy hand in mine, Thy lips to kiss; Oh, 'twould be heav'n to me—One day of bliss.



Our souls may melt in one Sweet kiss of love. That as the stars come out From heav'n above, Our souls may melt in one Sweet kiss of love.



WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Music by ALDINE.

1 Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows

2 Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon. Give eve-ry fly - ing

bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.

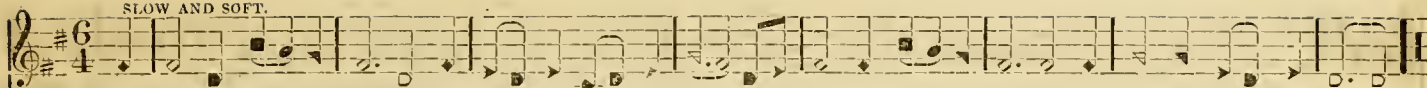
min - ute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

COME SOFT AND LOVELY EVENING.

45

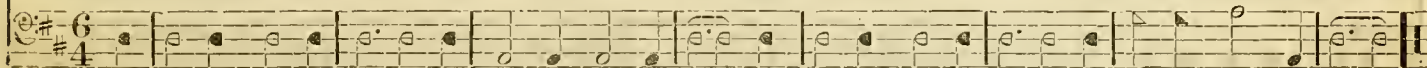
SLOW AND SOFT.



1 Come soft and love - ly eve-ning, Spread o'er the gras - sy fields; We love the peace-ful feel-ing, Thy si - lent eom - ing yields.
2 See, where the clouds are weaving A rich and gold - en chain; See how the dark-en'd shadow Ex-tends a - long the plain.



3 All na - ture now is si-ent, Ex - cept the pass-ing breeze, And birds their night-songs warbling, A-mong the dew - y trees.
4 Sweet evening, thou art with us, So tran-quil, mild and still; Thou dost our thank-ful bo-soms With hum-ble prais - es fill.



FAREWELL! WE MEET NO MORE.

Music by ALDINE.



1 Fare - well! we meet no more On this side heaven; The part - ing scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.



2 Fare - well! my soul will weep, While mem' - ry lives; From wounds, that sink so deep, No earth-ly hand re - lieves.



3 Fare - well! oh may we meet In heav'n a - bove, And there in un - ion sweet, Sing of a Sa - vior's love.



1 On the glass - y lake, When day's light is fad - ing, Beau-ty plays in all her grace ; Circling, verdant banks Widely cast their shading

2 Day's last ling'ring light, On the west still glow-ing, Paints its blushing on the lake ; While no trembling leaf Tells a breeze is blowing,

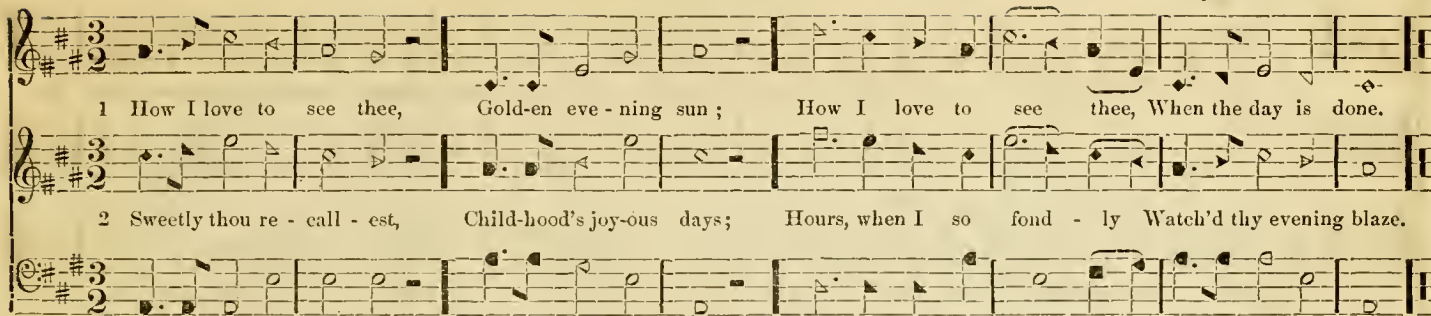
O'er the wa-ter's burnished face, O'er the wa - ter's bur - nished face.

While no sound the si-lence breaks, While no sound the si - lence breaks.

- 3 Pure and sweet this hour,
 Calm as heavenly being,
 Fraught with more than earthly charms ;
 Hour of hallowed thought,
 Time of earth's care fleeing,
 Free from all earth's rude alarms,
 Free from all earth's rude alarms.

GOLDEN SUN.

By JOHN SMITH. 47

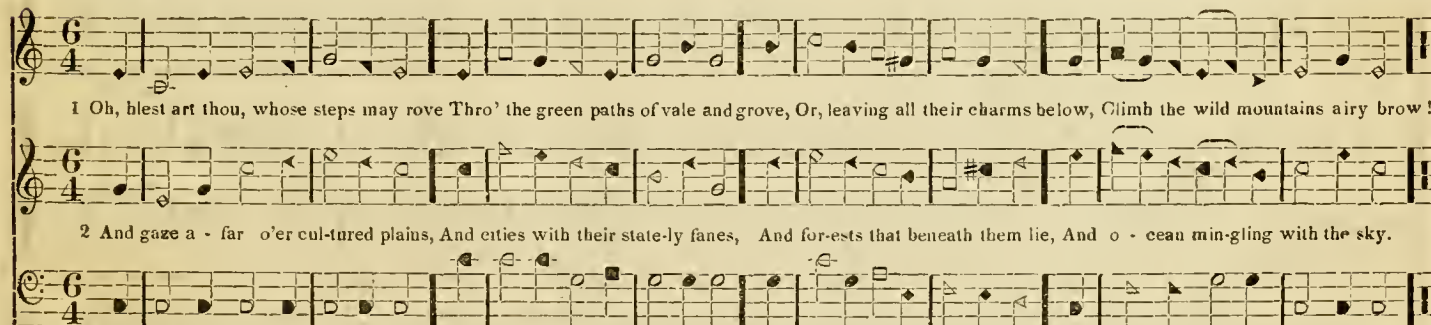


1 How I love to see thee, Gold-en eve-ning sun; How I love to see thee, When the day is done.

2 Sweetly thou re-call-est, Child-hood's joy-ous days; Hours, when I so fond-ly Watch'd thy evening blaze.

3 When in tran-quil glo-ry, Thou didst sink to rest, Then what heav'nly rap-ture, Fill'd my burning breast.
4 Were it mine thus bright-ly Vir-tue's race to run; Mine to sleep so sweet-ly, When my work is done.

ALLEN.



1 Oh, blest art thou, whose steps may rove Thro' the green paths of vale and grove, Or, leaving all their charms below, Climb the wild mountains airy brow!

2 And gaze a-far o'er cul-tured plains, And cities with their state-ly fanes, And for-ests that beneath them lie, And o-cean ming-ling with the sky.

3 But hap-pier far, if then thy soul Can soar to Him who made thee whole; If to thine eye the simplest flower Portray his bounty and his power.
4 If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught, Lead to his throne thy raptured thought, If there thou lov'dst his love to read, Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed.

1 The winds are all hushed, and the moon is high, Like a queen on her sil-ver throne, Tranquil and dark the deep woods lie,

2 The song of the night-in-gale stirs the air, And the sweet bri-er's breath is blown; Come in thy bloom be-yond com-pare,

Scarce-ly a cloud sails o'er the sky, None are a-wake save the stars and I, Sleepest thou still, mine own, mine own, Sleepest thou still mine own?

I'll clasp thee close and call thee fair, Kiss off the dew from thy golden hair, Sleepest thou still, mine own, mine own, Sleepest thou still, mine own?

COME, ROAM IN THE WOODLANDS.

1 Come, roam in the wood-land, so fresh and so green; Come, roam in the wood-land, Where blos-soms are seen;

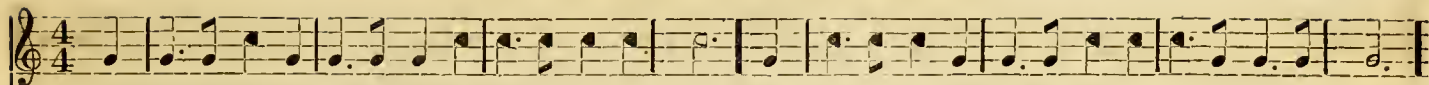
2 Come, roam in the wood-land, and seek the wild flower; Come, roam in the wood-land or rest in the bower;

Come, roam in the wood-land, where hid - den from light, The wa - ters in wood-land are gush - ing and bright.

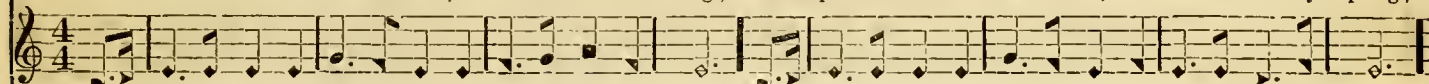
Come, roam in the wood-land, where birds on the spray Are sing - ing in wood-land, so hap - py and gay.

THERE'S REST FOR ALL IN HEAVEN.

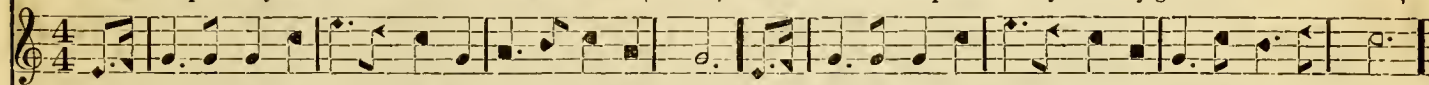
51



1 Should somber clouds of sorrow rise, And shadows o'er us fling; And hopes that once have taken root, Die in the ear-ly spring;



2 If life's path-way should seem to us A dull and beat-en track, And all our deep and ho-ly love By grief be driv-en back;



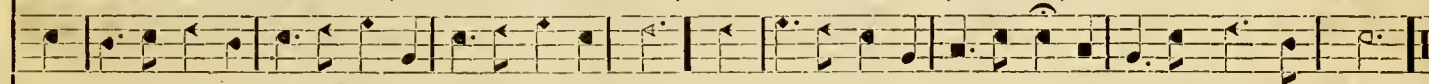
3 Should sickness pale the ro-sy cheek, And dim the ra-diant eye, And eve-ry pulse that faint-ly throbs, Tell of a time to die:



Should eve-ry joy and bliss of life, Fade like the hues of even, We still have this sweet solace left, There's rest for all in heav'n.



If we are like the wea-ried dove, O'er shore-less o-cean driv'n, O let us raise our eyes a-bove, There's rest for all in heav'n.



O, then, in-deed, un-to the world, Our thoughts should not be giv'n, For we must ne'er for-get the truth, There's rest for all in heav'n.



1 We wan-der thro' full many a land, With footsteps slow and wea-ry; On plains of burn-ing des-ert sand, O'er moun-tains cold and dreary;

2 No scenes in sun-ny beau-ty drest, No bright ar-ray of splen-dor, Shall bid our souls in dreams of rest, Their ear-ly love sur-ren-der;

Though far in foreign paths we roam, Yet faith-ful-ly re-turn-ing, Our hearts shall ev-er hasten home, With warm and tender yearning.

From hills and vales we knew in youth, No charms our thoughts can sever, To childhood's haunts in fondest truth, Our hearts go back forever.

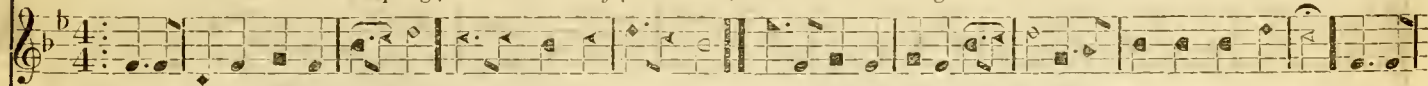
I'VE NO MOTHER NOW.

Arranged by MILES T. WALKER.
From "Fruits and Flowers," by permission.

53



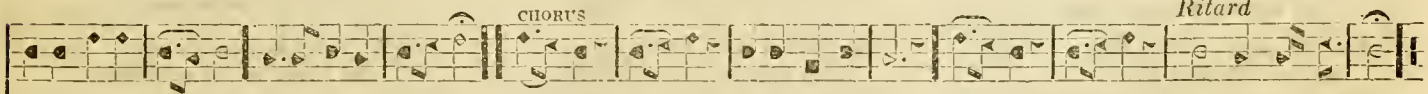
1 I've no mother now—I'm weeping; She has left me here a-lone: } Her bright smiles no more I see,
She be-neath the sod is sleep-ing; Now there is no joy at home. } Tears of sorrow long have started: All the



2 Ah! how well I do re-mem-ber! "Take this little flow'r," said she, } On thy tomb I'll drop a tear.
"And when with the dead I'm numbered, Place it on my grave for me." } Oh, dear mother, how I'm sighing; For the



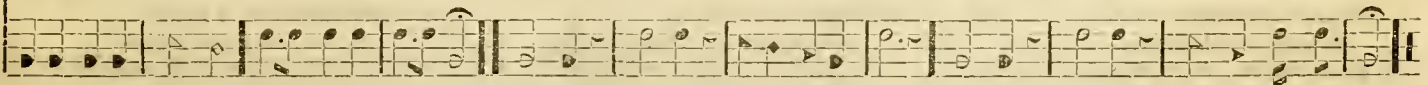
3 I've no mother now—I'm weeping: Tears my furrow'd cheeks now lave: } Then the pleasure none can tell:
Soon with her will I be sleep-ing In the dark and si-lent grave: } Soon I hope will be our meeting: Who for



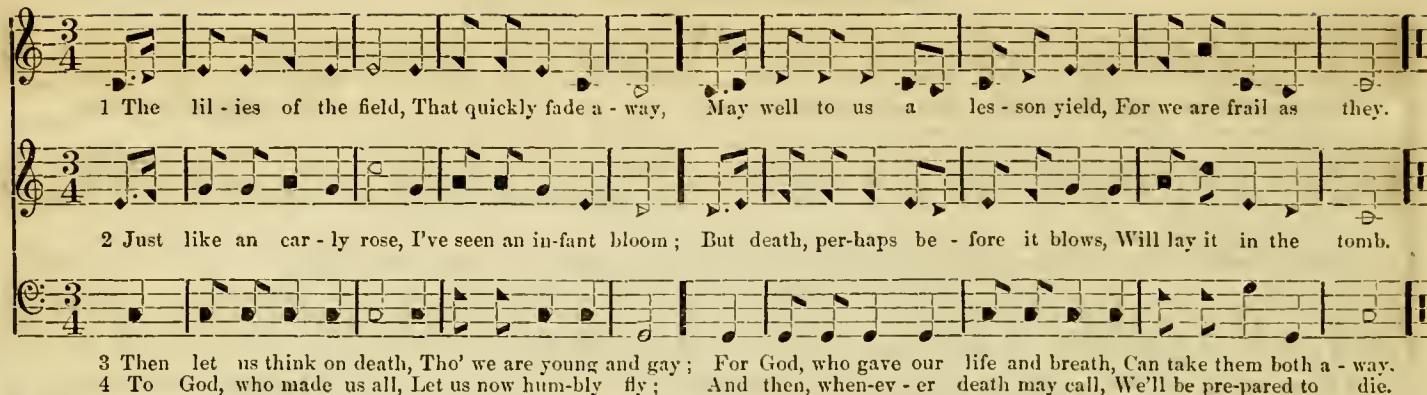
lov'd ones, too, have parted: Where, O where is joy for me? Weeping, lonely, she has left me here: Weeping, lone-ly, for my mo-ther dear.



lit-tle plant is dy-ing: Oh, I am so lonely here: Weep-ing, lone-ly, she has left me here: Weep-ing, lone-ly, for my mo-ther dear.



me will then be weeping, When I bid this world farewell? Weeping, lonely, she has left me here; Weeping, lone-ly, for my mo-ther dear.



1 The lil - ies of the field, That quickly fade a - way, May well to us a les - son yield, For we are frail as they.

2 Just like an car - ly rose, I've seen an in - fant bloom ; But death, per - haps be - fore it blows, Will lay it in the tomb.

3 Then let us think on death, Tho' we are young and gay ; For God, who gave our life and breath, Can take them both a - way.
4 To God, who made us all, Let us now hum - bly fly ; And then, when - ev - er death may call, We'll be pre - pared to die.

SELECTION OF WORDS.

WE HAVE ANOTHER HOME.

- 1 Now o'er earth's smiling face,
Our eyes delighted roam,
But this is not our dwelling-place,
We have another home.
- 2 We look beyond this sphere,
To one more bright and pure ;
Where sin can never cause a tear,
Nor pain the heart endure.
- 3 Where all we ever loved
In happiness shall meet,
Their radiant powers with glory crown'd,
Bending at Jesus' feet.

DAWN, DEW, AND YOUTH.

- 1 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky ;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh.
- 2 But sweeter, far, the dawn
Of piety in youth ;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.
- 3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flow'r we view
With pearly, glittering drops.

WHILE MY REDEEMER'S NEAR.

- 1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear,
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
And guard me with thy watchful eye
And let me rove no more.

HAPPY-HOME DEPARTMENT.

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight !
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved,
And swell them through the torrent's roar,
The songs our fathers loved !

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.—MRS. HEMANS.

SING WE NOW OF HAPPY HOME.

1 Sing we now of hap-py home, Hap-py, hap-py home! Yes, with heart and voice un-ti-ring, We will join the strain in-spir-ing, Sing-ing now of hap-py home! Hap-py, hap-py home.

2 Sing we now of hap-py home, Hap-py, hap-py home! Love that heightens eve-ry pleasure, Brings us more than golden treasure, Sing-ing now of hap-py home, Hap-py, hap-py home.

3 Sing we now of hap-py home, Hap-py, hap-py home! Bles-sings ev-er new in-vite us, Joy and so-cial mirth de-light us, Sing-ing now of hap-py home, Hap-py, hap-py home.

4 Sing we now of hap-py home, Hap-py, hap-py home! Love with last-ing bonds shall bind us, While the fleeting moments find us, Ev-er sing-ing of our home, Hap-py, hap-py home.

OUR OWN DEAR HOME.



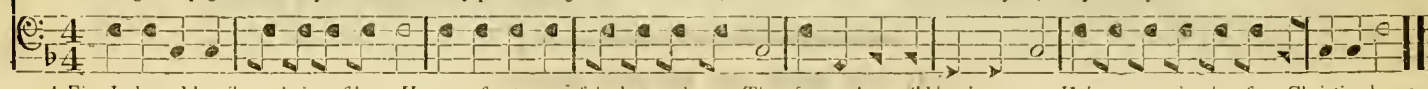
1 Home, dear home, we never eaa forget ; Friends, dear friends, we often there have met ; Press'd by care or pierc'd by grief, Home has afforded us a sweet relief.



2 Lured by gain we seek a for-eign shore, Worn and wea-ry, heap the gold-en ore ; Still our yearning hearts demand Rest in the homestead in our native land.

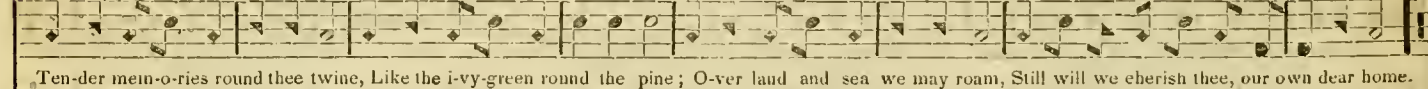


3 On the gilded page of earth-ly fame, Some may pant to re-gis-ter their name ; Round our names no wreath may be, But you may read them on the old home tree.



4 Firmly bound by silver chains of love, Here are foretastes of the home above ; Thou from whom all blessings come, Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.

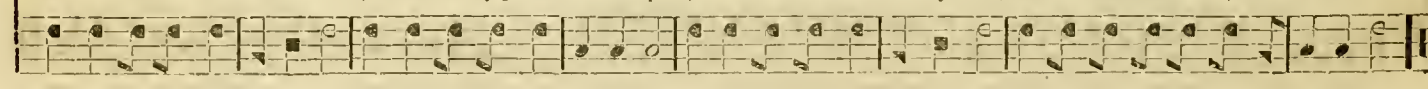
CHORUS



Ten-der mem-o-ries round thee twine, Like the i-vy-green round the pine ; O-ver land and sea we may roam, Still will we eberish thee, our own dear home.



Ten-der mem-o-ries round thee twine, Like the i-vy-green round the pine ; O-ver land and sea we may roam, Still will we eberish thee, our own dear home.



1 There is beauty all around, When there's love at home ; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plenty here abide,

2 In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home ; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home. Roses blossom 'neath our feet,

3 Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home ; All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home. Sweeter sings the brooklet by,

Smiling sweet on every side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.

All the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.

Brighter beams the azure sky ; O, there's One who smiles on high When there's love at home.

- 4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
 Then there's love at home ;
 Sweetly whisper, I am thine,
 Then there's love at home.
 Source of love, thy cheering light
 Far exceeds the sun so bright,—
 Can dispel the gloom of night ;
 Then there's love at home.

1 They grew in beauty side by side, They fill'd our home with glee; Their graves are sever'd far and wide, By mount, and stream and sea; The same fond mother bent at

2 One, midst the forest of the west, By a dark stream is laid; The Indian knows his place of rest, Far in the cedar shade, The sea, the blue lone sea, hath

night O'er each fair sleeping brow, She had each folded flow'r in sight—Where are those dreamers now!

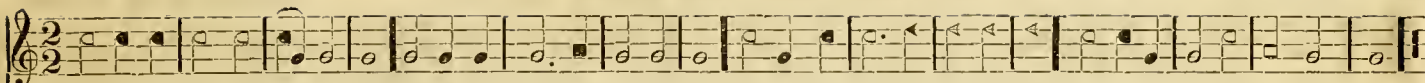
one—He lies where pearls lie deep; He was the loved of all, yet none O'er his low bed may weep.

3

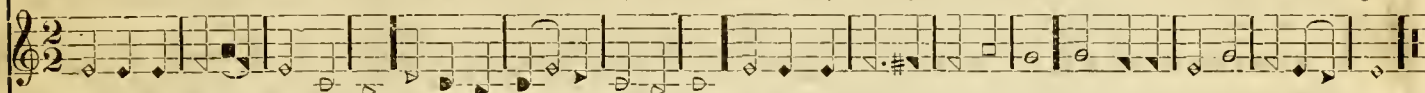
One sleeps where Southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain;
He wrapped his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain,
And One—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fann'd,
She faded 'midst Italian bowers—
The last of that bright band.

4

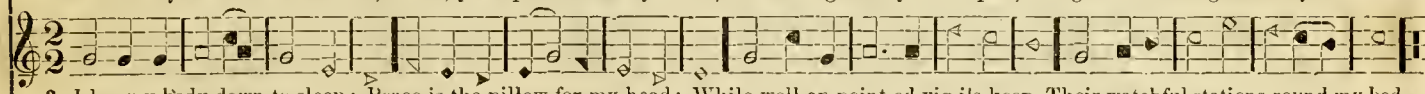
And parted thus, they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd,
Around one parent knee;
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with songs the hearth;
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!



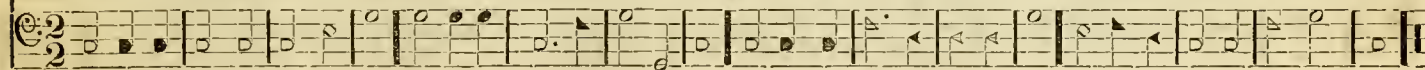
1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on—Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days; And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.



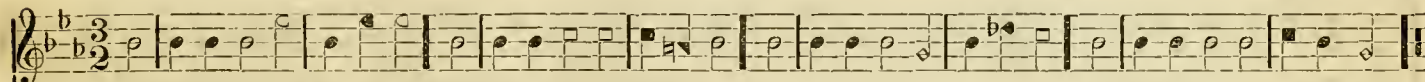
2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my home; But he forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.



3 I lay my body down to sleep; Peace is the pillow for my head; While well ap-point-ed vig-ils keep, Their watchful stations round my bed.



EVENING SONG.



1 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve, And soft the sunbeams ling'ring there; For those blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith & pray'r.



2 Season of rest! the tranquil soul Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love; And while these sacred moments roll, Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.



3 Nor will our days of toil be long; Our pilgrimage will soon be trod; And we shall join the ceaseless song, The endless Sabbath of our God.



DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME.

Arr. from J. H. TENNEY.

1 Do they pray for me at home, Do they ev-er pray for me, When I ride the dark sea foam, When I cross the storm-y sea?

2 Do they pray for me at home, When the summer birds ap-pear; Do they pray for me the while, That my path may be less drear?

3 Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of winter blow; Do they pray for me with love, As they watch the winter's snow?

Ritard. pia.

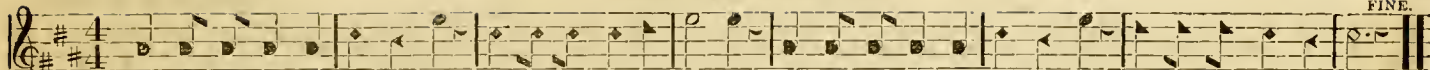
Oh how oft in for-eyn lands, As I see the bend-ed knee, Comes the thought at twilight hour, Do they ev-er pray for me?

At the home of ear-ly youth, Do they place the va-cant chair, Where my heart so oft re - turns, To the loved ones gathered there?

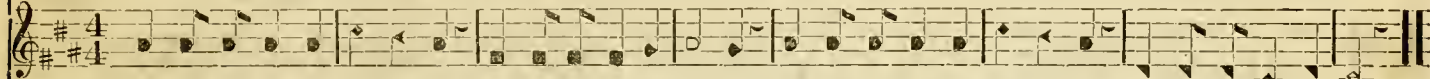
In the sea-son's chil-ly cold, Are their hearts for me still warm? Am I cherished still of old Thro' the beat-ing of the storm?

MARCH.

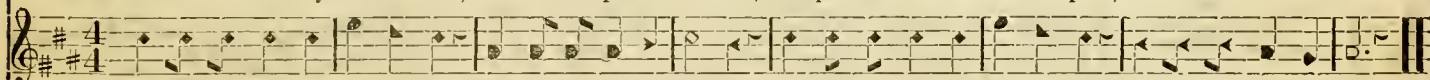
Arranged by A. P. BOUDE. 61



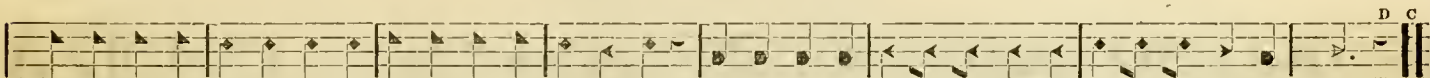
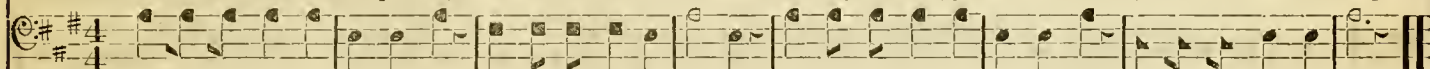
D. C. 1 Ho! for the stormy cold March days, Aye, there is nothing like them, Loud let us shout and sing their praise, March is so proud and free.



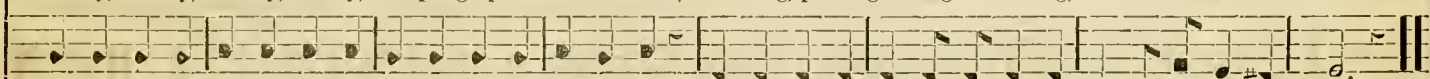
2 Ho! for the fields! ye farmers now, Cheer on the patient ox - en ; Deep in the fur-row drive the plow, Strive for the har-vest fair.



3 Hark! how the vernal E - qui - nox, Calls from the eastern o - cean ! Stand to your arms, ye time-worn rocks ; Onward the mad waves pour.



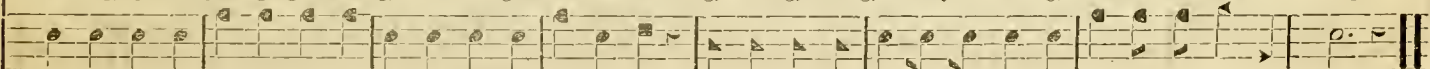
Snow - y, blow - y, wheez - y, breez - y, Sweep - ing up the win - ter's snow, Freezing, pleasing teasing un - ceas - ing, How do the March - winds blow.

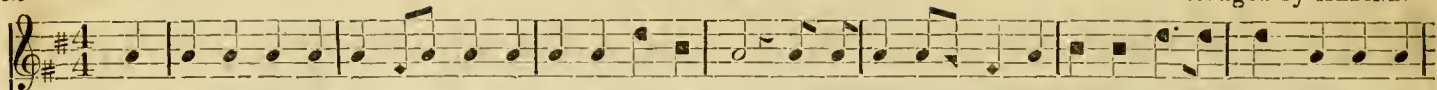


Wing - ing, singing, springing, clinging, On the spray sweet birds are seen, Driving, flying, win - ter de - fy - ing, Winds sweep the meadows green.

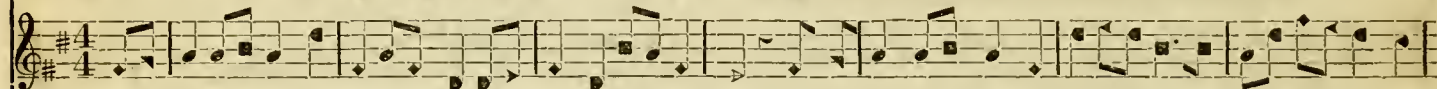
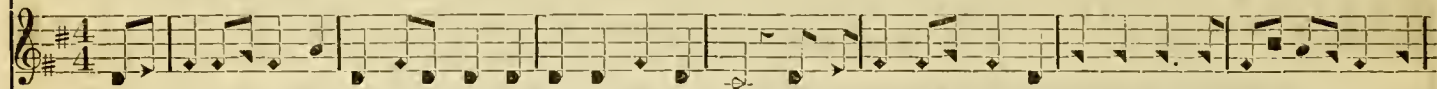


Rush - ing, splashing, surging, crashing, Thundering on the coast so strong, Boiling, toiling, fiercely re - coil - ing, Wild dash the waves a - long.

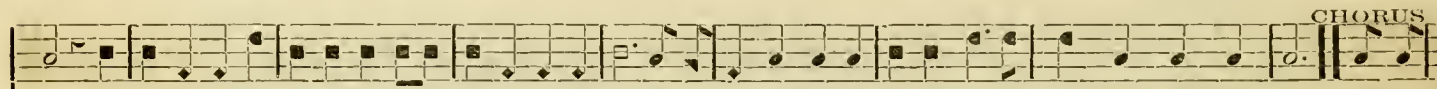
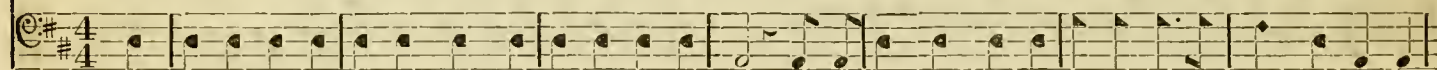




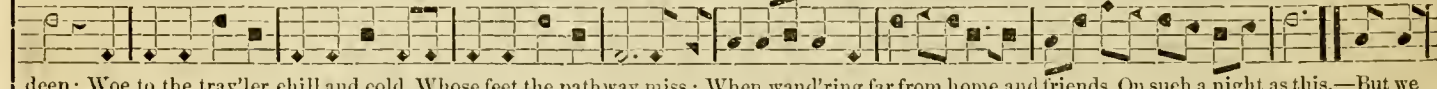
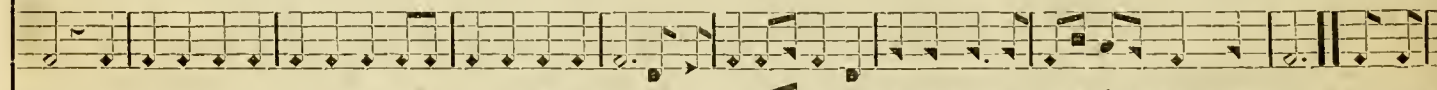
1 The Win-ter King has come a - gain, In roy - al power and might, And the winds his ser-vants cel - e-brate, A rev - el wild to -



2 O'er hill and vale with laugh and shriek, The fly-ing storm-clouds sweep ; From the mountain top they toss the snow, And drift the val-ley



night : The giant oak bows down his head, As the rushing troop go by ; And a thousand tempest driven clouds, Are whirling thro' the sky.—But we



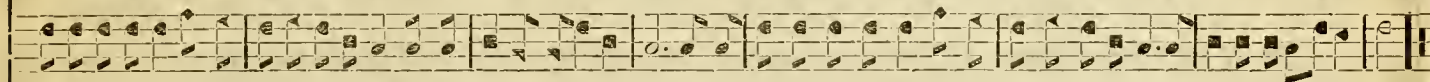
deep ; Woe to the trav'ler chill and cold, Whose feet the pathway miss ; When wand'ring far from home and friends, On such a night as this.—But we





care not for the blast as it whistles wildly past,
While the fire on the hearth is warm ;

And we'll sing our merry song thro' the winter evening long,
And laugh at the howling storm.

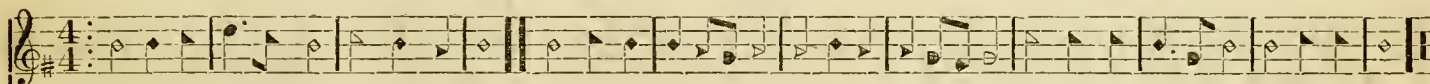


care not for the blast as it whistles wildly past,
While the fire on the hearth is warm ;

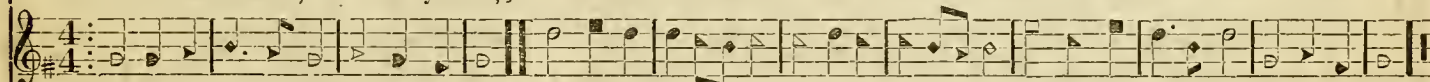
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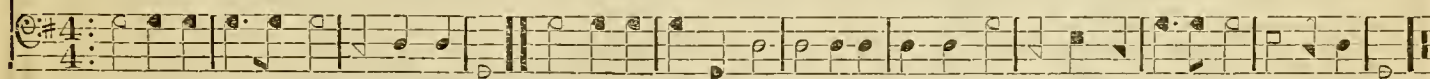
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



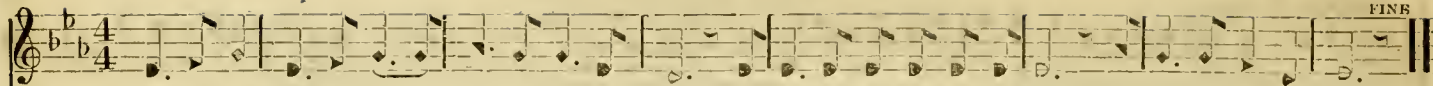
1 I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home ; }
Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home ; } Danger and sorrow stand Round me on every hand ; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.



2 What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home ; }
Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home ; } Time's cold and wintry blast Soon will be overpast, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.



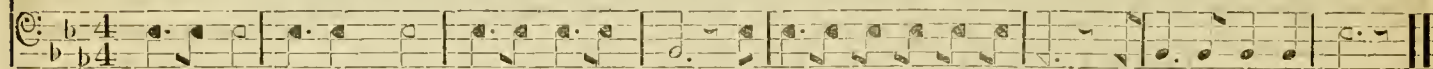
3 There at my Sa-vior's side, Heav'n is my home ; }
I shall be glo-ri-fied, Heav'n is my home ; } There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best ; There, too, I soon shall rest Heav'n, &c.



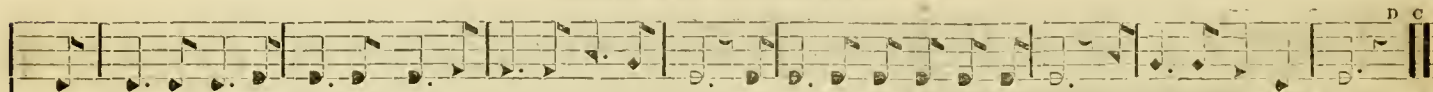
D. C. 1 Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for-eign shore; And oh! it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.



2 Hap - py hearts, Hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, But oh! the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me,



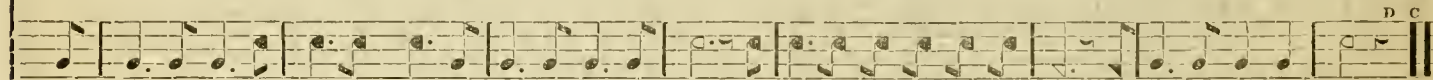
3 Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, Lin - gers round the place, And oh! I feel the childhood charm, That time can-not ef - face;



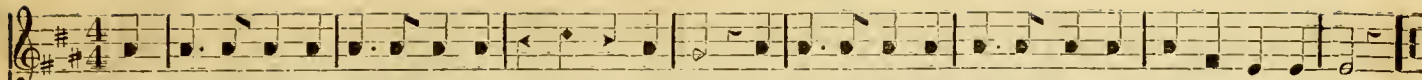
Here I dropped the parting tear, To cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm come a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.



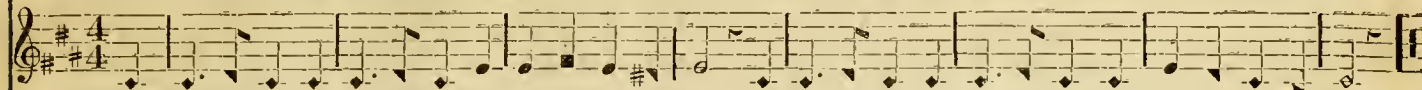
And if my guide should be the fate Which bids me lon - ger roam,—But death alone can break the tie, That binds my heart to home.



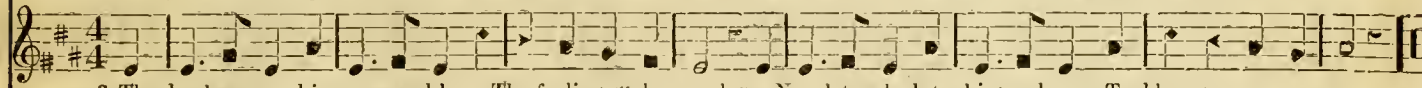
Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.



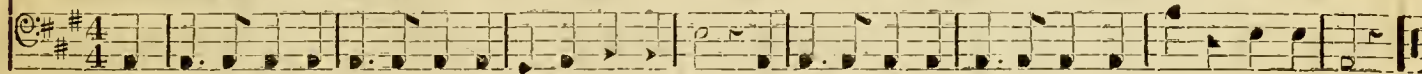
1 The sun is sink-ing in the west, The time for la-bor goes: And slow-ly comes the hours of rest, Of qui-et and re- pose.



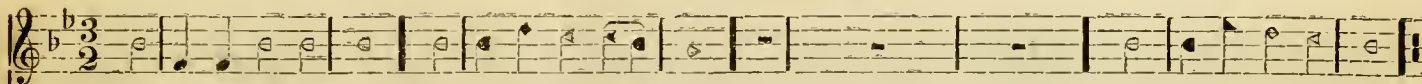
2 Ere yet the morning zeph-yrs bland, Had dried the spark-ling dew, We gather'd round, a cheer-ful band, Our stud-ies to pur-sue.



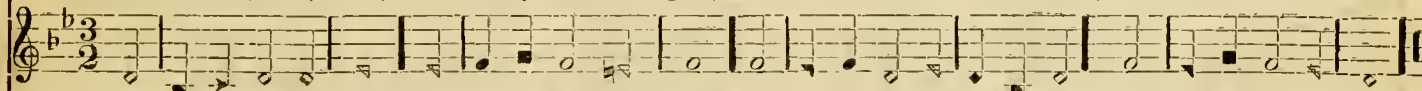
3 The day has passed in peace and love, The fa-ding sun-beams glow: Now let us look to him a-bove, To bless us as we go.



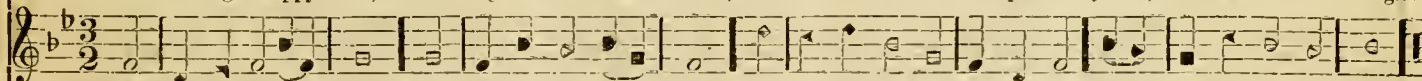
BLISSFUL HOME. S. M.



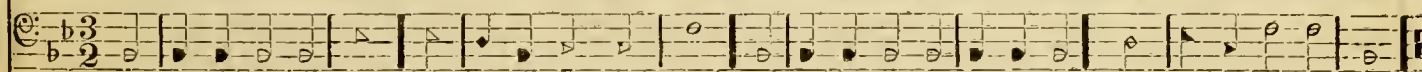
1 And is there, Lord, a rest, For wear-ry souls de-signed, Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sor-row en-trance find?



2 Are there bright happy fields, Where nought that blooms shall die; Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields, And healthful breezes sigh?

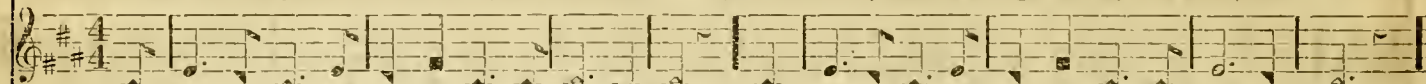


3 Are there ce-les-tial streams, Where liv-ing wa-ters glide, Where mur-murs sweet as angel dreams, And flow'-ry banks be-side?

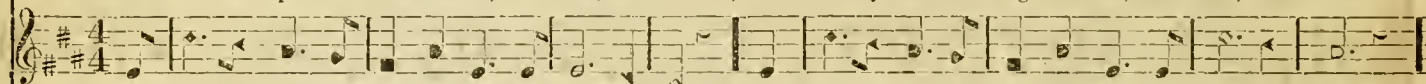




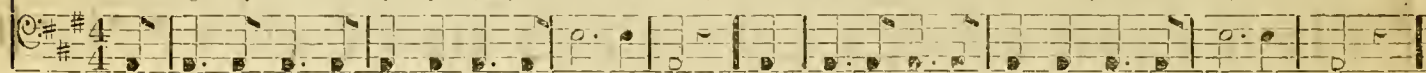
1 The dear-est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai-ry land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.



D. C. The dear-est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The fai-ry land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.



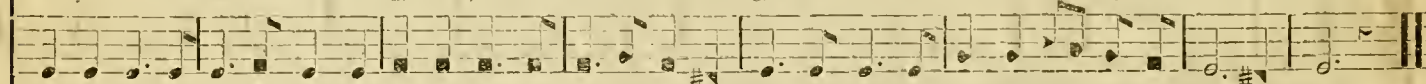
2 I've taught my heart the way to prize, My home, sweet home; I've learn'd to look with lov-er's eyes, On home, sweet home.



D. C.



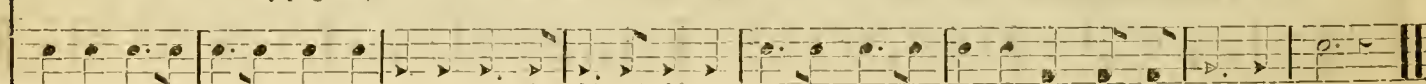
There how charm'd the sense of hearing, There, where hearts are so endearing, All the world is not so cheer-ing, As home, sweet home;—

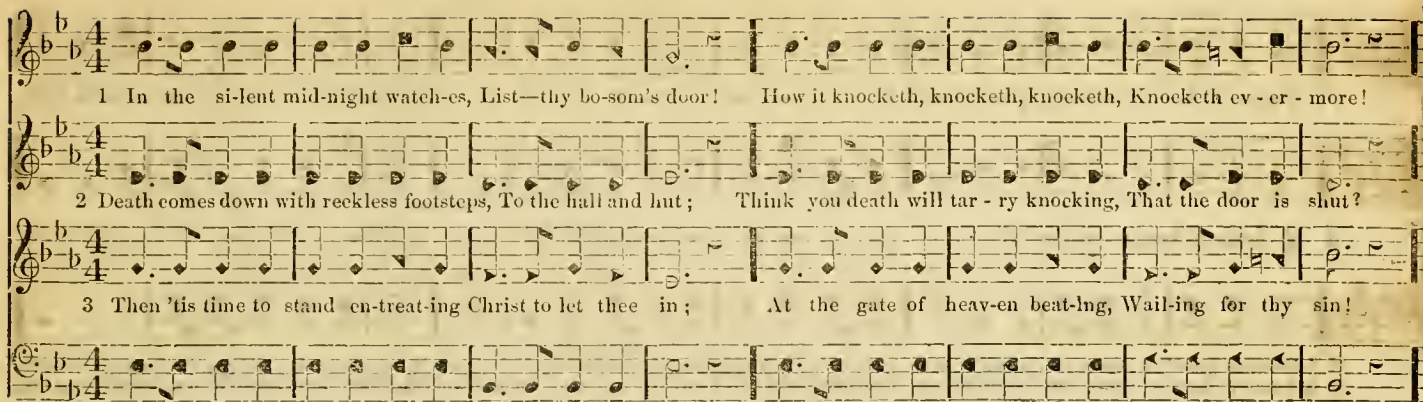


D. C.



There where vows are truly plighted, There where hearts are so u-ni-ted, All the world be-side I've slight-ed, For home, sweet home:—

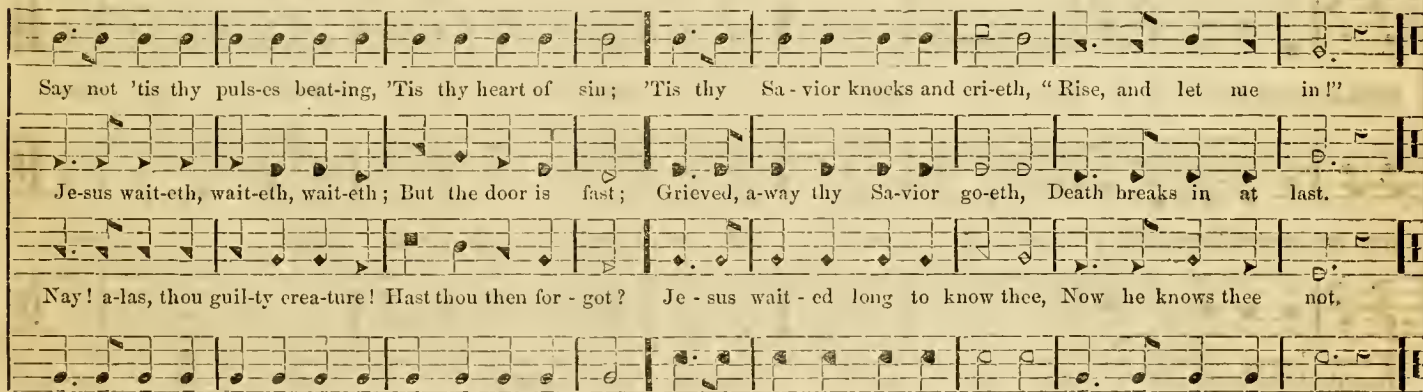




1 In the si-lent mid-night watch-es, List—thy bo-son's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!

2 Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tar - ry knocking, That the door is shut?

3 Then 'tis time to stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in; At the gate of heav-en beat-ing, Wail-ing for thy sin!

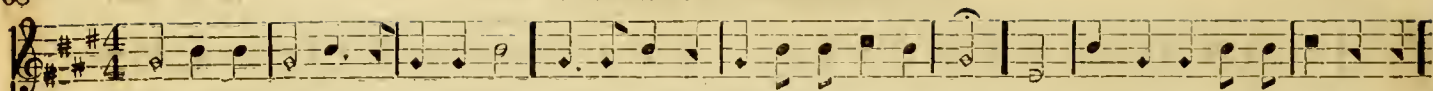


Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis thy Sa-vior knocks and cri-eth, "Rise, and let me in!"

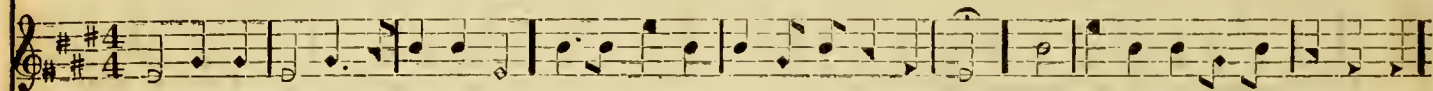
Je-sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But the door is fast; Grieved, a-way thy Sa-vior go-eth, Death breaks in at last.

Nay! a-las, thou guil-ty crea-ture! Hast thou then for - got? Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not,

A HOME IN HEAVEN.



1 A home in heav'n! what a joy-ful thought! As the poor man toils in his wea - ry lot! His heart op-press'd, and with anguish riv'n,



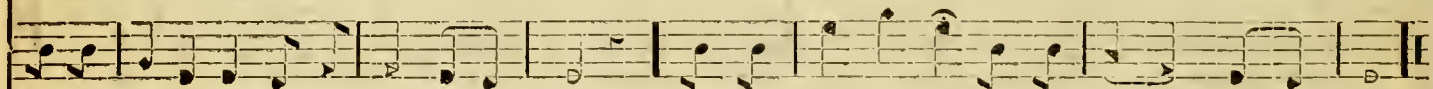
2 A home in heav'n! as the suff'rer lies On his bed of pain, and up-lifts his eyes To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n,



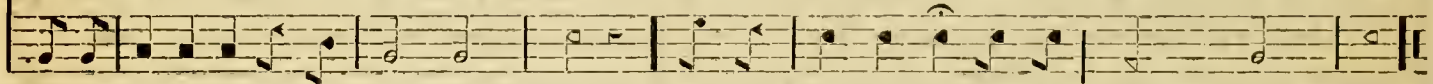
3 A home in heav'n! when our pleasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid; And our strength decays, and our health is riven;
4 A home in heav'n! when the sinner mourns, And with contrite heart to the Sa-vior turns; Oh, then, what bliss in that heart-for-giv'n,



From his home be-low to a home in heav'n; From his home be - low to a home..... in heav'n.



With the bless-ed thought of a home in heav'n; With the bless - ed thought of a home in heav'n.



We are hap-py still with our home in heav'n; We are hap - py still with our home in heav'n.
Does the hope in-spire of a home in heav'n; Does the hope in - spire of a home in heav'n.

1 Mortal! wea - ry with thy toil-ing, As thro' earth's gay scenes we rove; List! those voic - es gent - ly call - ing To the

2 Loved ones long lost, gone before thee To the re - gions of the blest, Smi - ling now, are whisp'ring o'er thee; Soon thou't

3 Loved ones, yes, we hope to meet you Af - ter life's last work is o'er; Hope in peace and joy to greet you, Where peace

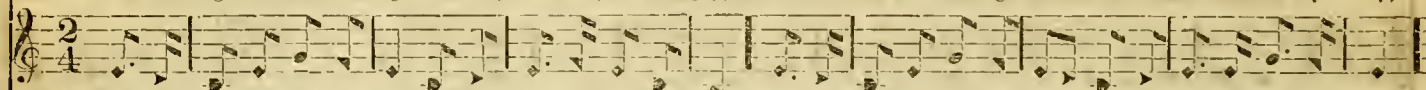
rest that waits a - bove: Gent - ly call-ing To the toil-ing, Faith-ful now, thou't rest a - bove, Faith-ful now, thou't rest a - bove.

find thy look'd for rest: Whis-pering o'er thee, Gone before thee! Bravely toil, in heav'n thou't rest, Bravely toil, in heav'n thou't rest.

reigns for - ev - er - more: Hope to greet you, Joy-ful meet you, And in heav'n rest ev - er - more, And in heav'n rest ev - er - more.



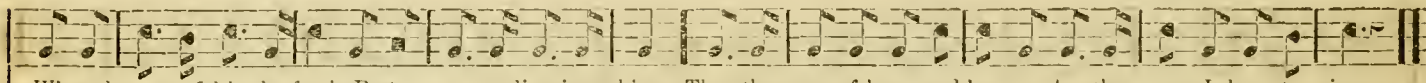
1 Oh the songs I love to sing, When my heart is grave or gay, When a thousand blessings sweet Gath-er round us eve-ry day,



2 When the twi-light sha-dows fall, And the dark-er night ap-pears, When the heart is full of grief, And the eyes are full of tears,



3 But the sweet-est song of all, That will still our tongues em-ploy, When we reach the land of love, And of nev-er - end-ing joy;



When the peace-ful hush of ev'n Rests on eve-ry liv - ing thing, Then the songs of home and heav-en Are the songs I love to sing.



When the voice of lov-ing friend Can no wel-come sol-ace bring, Then the songs of home and heav-en Are the songs I love to sing.



When we join the an-gel band Round the throne of God our King, Of our hap-py home in heav-en, Will we ev - er learn to sing.



CHORUS

Home and Heav'n, Home and Heav'n; Oh, the songs I love to sing Are the songs of Home and Heav'n.

Home and Heav'n, Home and Heav'n; Oh, the songs I love to sing Are the songs of Home and Heav'n.

The musical score for the chorus consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

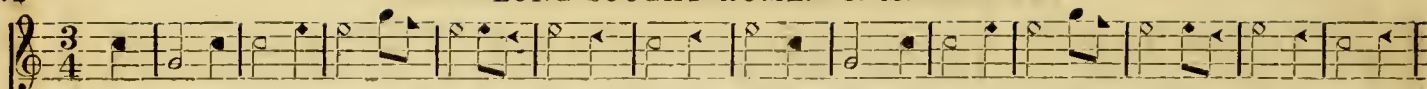
THE BRIGHTER SHORE.

1 Christians, brethren, ere we part, Eve-ry voice and eve-ry heart, Join, and to our Fa-ther raise One last hymn of grateful praise.

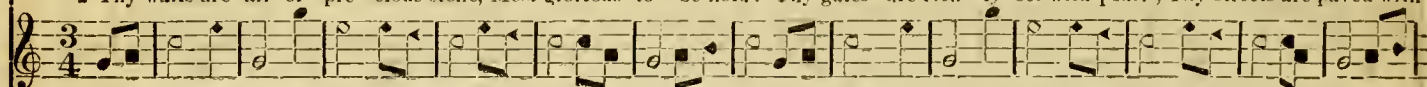
2 Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a brighter shore; There, released from toil and pain, There we all may meet again.

The musical score for 'The Brighter Shore' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

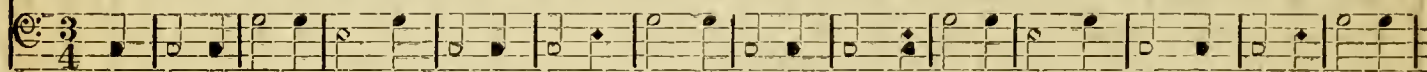
LONG SOUGHT HOME. C. M.



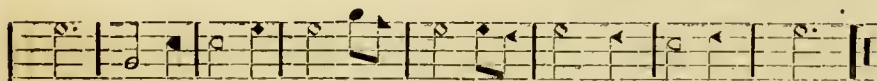
1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Oh, how I long for thee! When will my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys when shall I
2 Thy walls are all of pre - cious stone, Most glorious to be - hold! Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearls, Thy streets are paved with



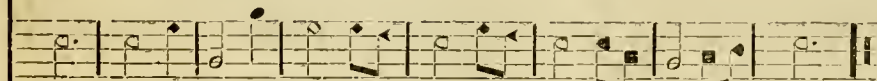
3 Thy gar - dens and thy pleas - ant greens, My stu - dy long have been; Such sparkling light by hu - man sight, Has nev - er yet been
4 If heav - en be thus glo - rious, Lord, Why should I stay from thence? What folly 'tis that I should dread To die and go from



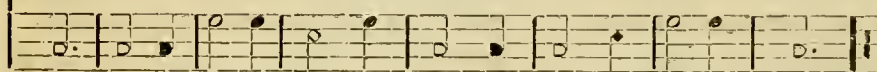
5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace, And ease me to as - cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths nev - er
6 Je - sus, my love, to glo - ry's gone; Him will I go and see; And all my brethren here be - low Will soon come af - ter



see, Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a - bove,
gold,



seen, Home, sweet home, My long sought home, My home in heav'n a - bove,
hence,



end. Home, sweet home, my long sought home, My home in heav'n a - bove,
me,

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu!
I leave you in God's care;
And if I never more see you,
Go on,—I'll meet you there,
Home, sweet home, &c.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace*.

9 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round the throne we meet.

10 Millions of years around may run—
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit*,—*Three in One*.
Home, sweet home, &c.

Slow.

INDIAN'S FAREWELL.

From the CHRISTIAN HARMONY. By permission.
WM. WALKER.

73

1 When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain? Oft shall glow-ing hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea-ried

2 Tho' in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath a hos - tile sky, Tho' the deep be - tween us rolls, Friend-ship shall u -

The first system of the hymn consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/4. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first three staves and the second line corresponding to the fourth staff.

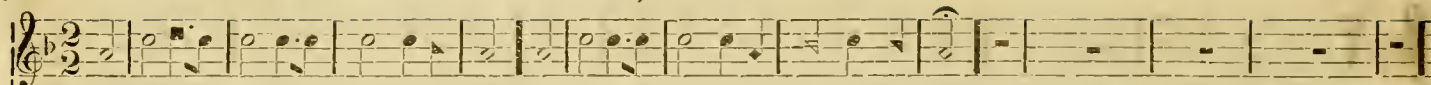
love re - tire, Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

nite our souls; And in fan - cy's wide do - main, Oft shall we all meet a - gain.

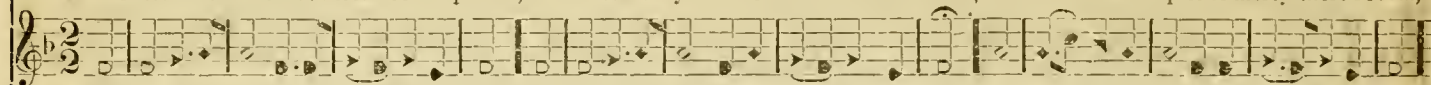
The second system of the hymn consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/4. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics corresponding to the first three staves and the second line corresponding to the fourth staff.

- 3 When our burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day,
When around the youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may the loved bow'r remain,
Ere we all shall meet again.

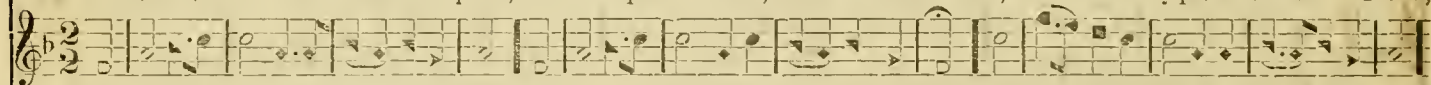
HOME, SWEET HOME.



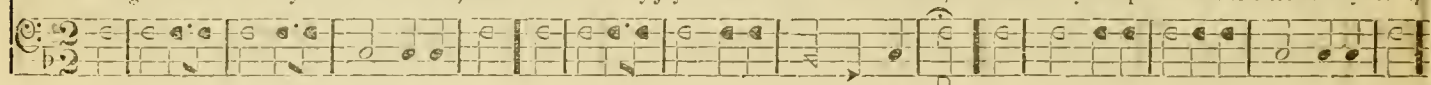
1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints; To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,



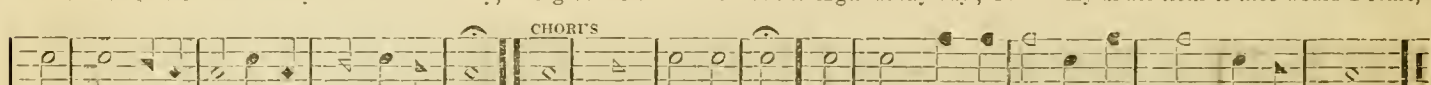
2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease; Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,



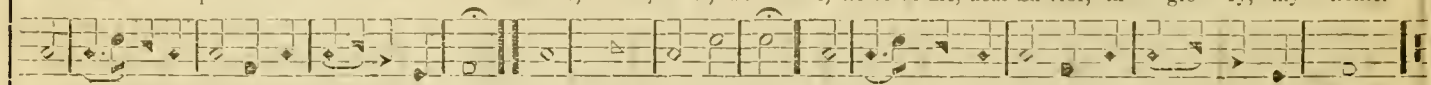
3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee; Tho' now my temptations like billows may foam,



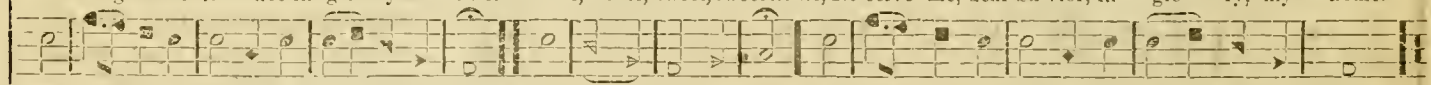
4 While here in the valley of con-flict I stay, O give me submission and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,



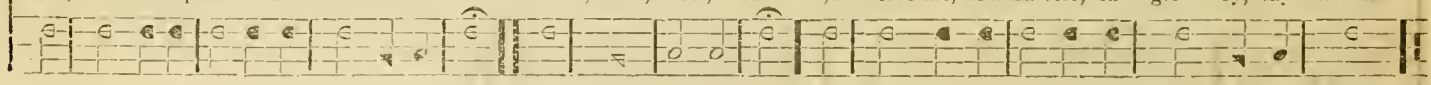
And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo - ry, my home.



I long to be-hold thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo - ry, my home.



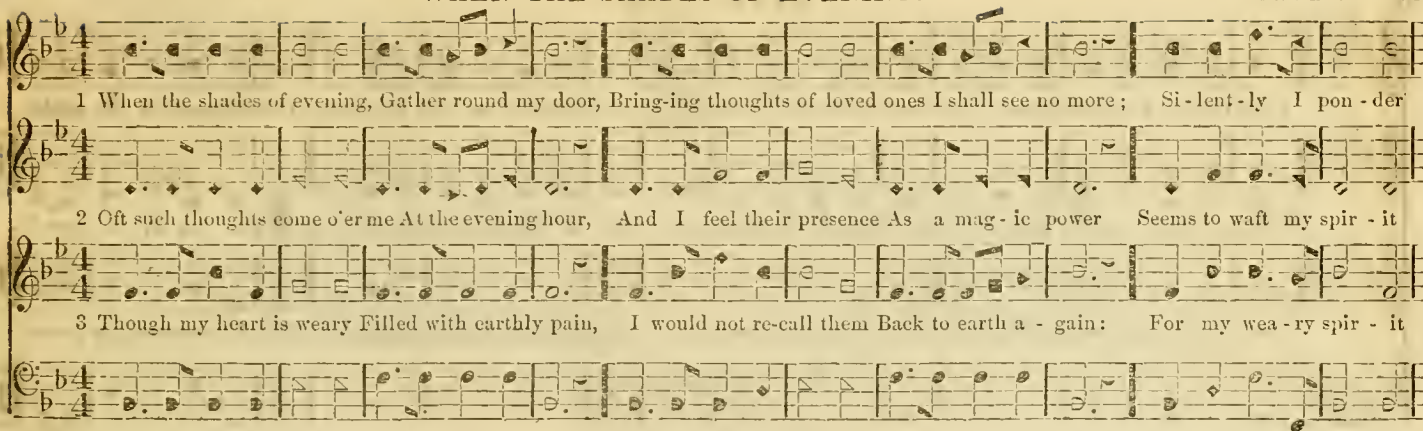
All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo - ry, my home.



Re - joice-ing in hope of my glo-ri - ous home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa - vior, in glo - ry, my home.

WHEN THE SHADES OF EVENING.

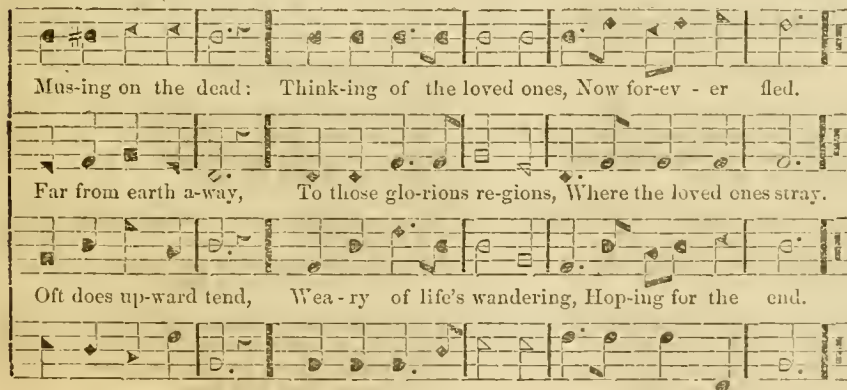
KELLOGG. 75



1 When the shades of evening, Gather round my door, Bring-ing thoughts of loved ones I shall see no more; Si-lent-ly I pon-der

2 Oft such thoughts come o'er me At the evening hour, And I feel their presence As a mag-ic power Seems to waft my spir-it

3 Though my heart is weary Filled with earthly pain, I would not re-call them Back to earth a - gain: For my wea-ry spir-it



Mus-ing on the dead: Think-ing of the loved ones, Now for-ev-er fled.

Far from earth a-way, To those glo-rious re-gions, Where the loved ones stray.

Oft does up-ward tend, Wea-ry of life's wander-ing, Hop-ing for the end.

4 Far above in glory
 When this life is past,
 In a peaceful haven,
 We shall meet at last,—
 Join the glorious anthem,
 Strike the harps of gold,
 Sing the Savior's praises
 In his heavenly fold.

1 In mer-cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most graciously, The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheer-ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re-move, Oh, in the morn-ing let me rise, Re-joic-ing in thy love!

3 Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my transient days; Oh! take me to thy promised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

SELECTED WORDS.

PROTECTION.

- 1 Lord, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by thee.
- 2 Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay;
Nor am I absent from thy sight,
In darkness, or by day.
- 3 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A life can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

PRUDENCE.

- 1 Father of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide,
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight:
And while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word.
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

CHORAL DEPARTMENT.

Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious Name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.

Blest be that name supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest:
Above the heav'ns his power is known:
Thro' all the earth his goodness shown.

He hears the uncomplaining moan,
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him who trust.

Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, forevermore.—MONTGOMERY.

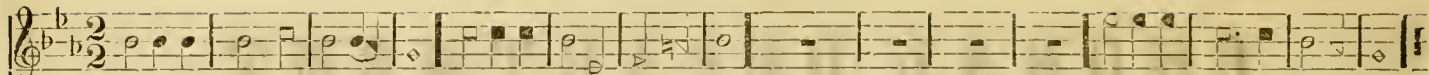
WESTON. L. M.

EMMERSON.

1 Sinner, oh why so thoughtless grown? Why in such dreadful haste to die? Da-ring to leap to worlds unknown! Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise e-ter-nal fate, Urged on by sin's delusive dreams? Mad-ly at the in-fer-nal gate, And force thy pas-sage to the flames?

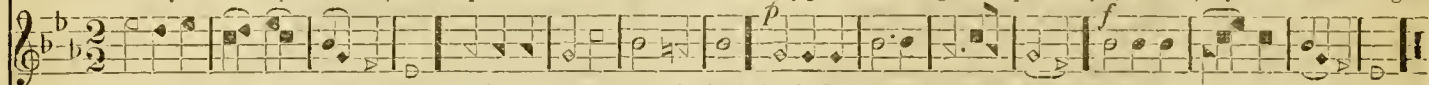
3 Stay, sin-ner, on the gospel plains; And hear the Lord of life unfold The glories of his dying pains!—For-ev-er tell-ing, yet un-told!



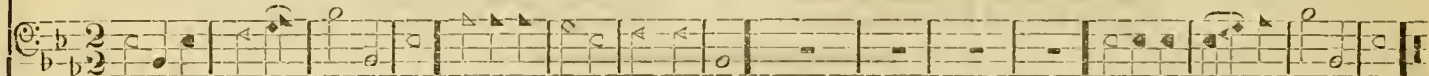
1 High on the bending willows hung, Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string? Still mute remains the sullen tongue, And Sion's song denies to sing?



2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise, Let harp and voice unite their strains: Thy promised King his sceptre sways; Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

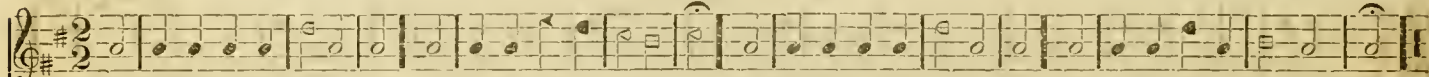


3 By foreign streams no longer roam, And weeping, think on Jordan's flood; In every clime behold a home; In every temple see thy God.



EUPHRATES. L. M.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



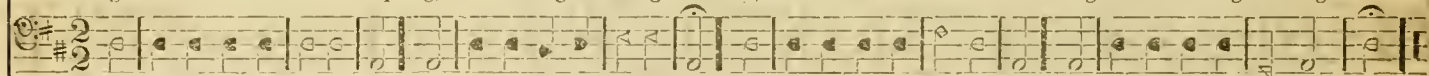
1 When we, our wearied limbs to rest, Sat down by prond Euphrates' stream, We wept, with doleful tho'ts oppress—And Zion was our mournful theme.



2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung, Were wont their tuneful parts to bear, With silent strings neglected hung On willow trees that wither'd there.



3 Regardless whence our sorrows spring, Th' insulting foe a song demands;—How can we tune our voice to sing Jehovah's song in foreign lands!



Slow and Subdued.

ASHWELL. L. M.

GERMAN. 79

1 O Zi-on, when I think on thee, I wish for pinions like the dove, And mourn to think that I should be So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here and far from home, For Zi-on's sa-cred walls I sigh: Thither the ransom'd nations come, And see the Savior, eye to eye.

3 But we shall yet behold the day When Zi-on's children shall return; Our sorrows then shall flee away, And we shall never, never mourn.

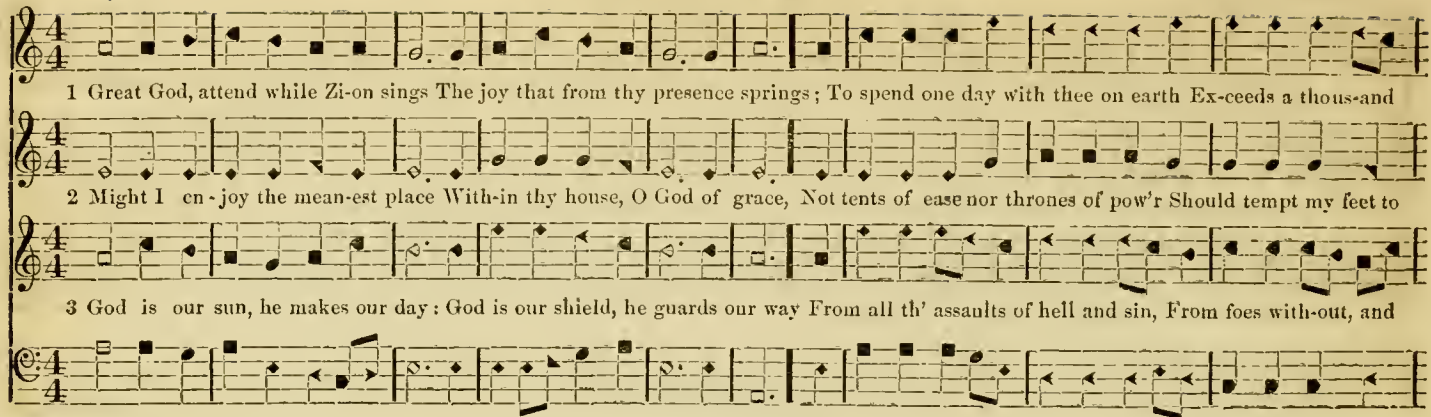
4 The hope that such a day will come, Makes e'en the captives' portion sweet: Tho' now we wander far from home, In Zion soon we all shall meet.

Slow and majestic.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GREGORIAN. 1560.

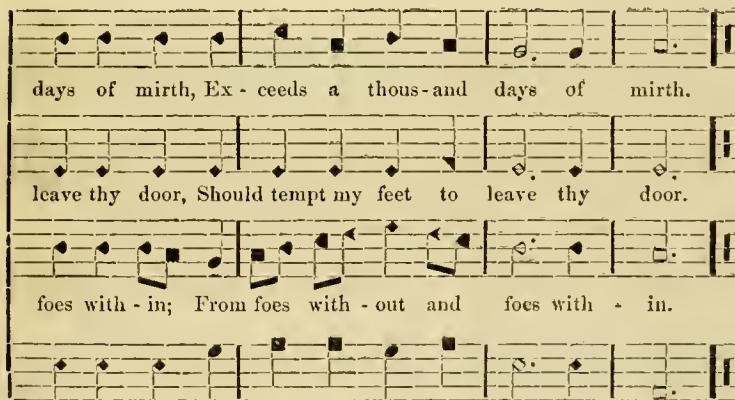
1 To Je-sus, our a - ton-ing Priest, To Je-sus, our su - pe-rior King, Be everlasting pow'r con-fess'd, And every tongue his glo-ry sing.



1 Great God, attend while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs; To spend one day with thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thous-and

2 Might I en-joy the mean-est place With-in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease nor thrones of pow'r Should tempt my feet to

3 God is our sun, he makes our day: God is our shield, he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes with-out, and



days of mirth, Ex - ceeds a thous-and days of mirth.

leave thy door, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

foes with - in; From foes with - out and foes with - in.

- 1 High in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

1 Now to the Lord a no-ble song! Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue! Hosanna to th'Eternal Name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Je-sus' face, The brightest image of his grace! God, in the person of his Son, Has all his mightiest works outdone.

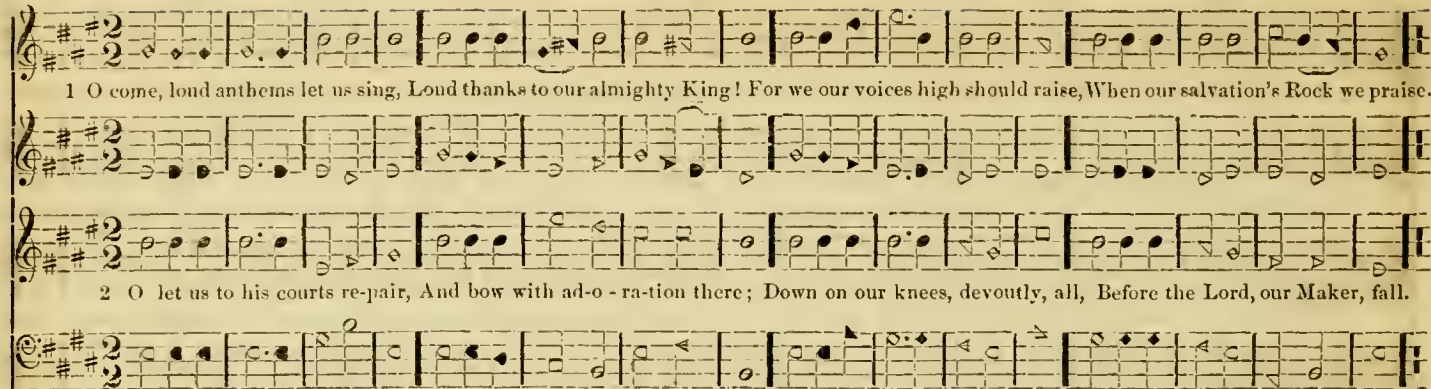
3 Oh! may I reach that heav'nly place, Where he unveils his lovely face; Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold.

LINDON. L. M.

1 When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



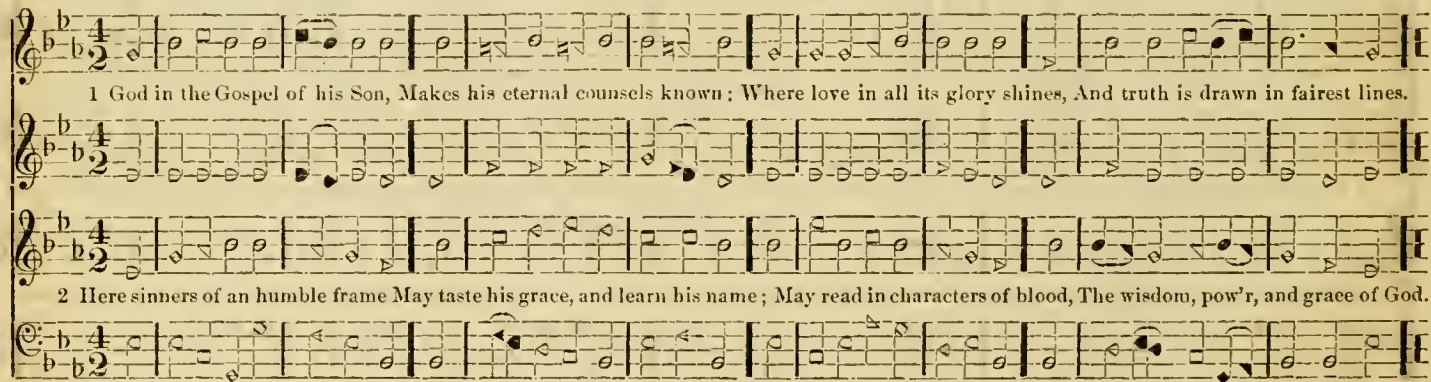
1 O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our almighty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 O let us to his courts re-pair, And bow with ad-o - ration there; Down on our knees, devoutly, all, Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Very slow.

WALDECK. L. M.

German.



1 God in the Gospel of his Son, Makes his eternal counsels known: Where love in all its glory shines, And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame May taste his grace, and learn his name; May read in characters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.

1 God of my life, whose gracious pow'r Thro' varied deaths my soul hath led, Or turn'd aside the fatal hour, Or lifted up my sink-ing head.

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,—Thy ruling prov-i-dence I see; As-sist me still my course to run, And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly, But to my loving Savior's breast! Secure within thine arms to lie, And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

HERR. L. M.

Old German Choral.

1 Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercy ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the re-deem-ed of the Lord The wonders of his grace record; Is-ra-el, the nation whom he chose, And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way, He guides our footsteps lest we stray; He guards us with a pow'rful hand, And brings us to the heav'nly land.

4 Oh! let us then with joy record The truth and goodness of the Lord; How great his works, how kind his ways! Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

1 There is a land mine eye hath seen, In visions of enraptured thought, So bright that all which spreads between Is with its radiant glory fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore There rests no shadow, falls no stain; There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet again.

3 There sweeps no desolating wind, Across the calm, serene abode; The wanderer there a home may find, With-in the par-a-dise of God.

GREENWICH. L. M.

D. READ.

1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and mur-mur and re - pine, To see the wick-ed placed on high, In pride and

robes of ho-nor shine. But O their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc-tu-a-ry taught me so; On

But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On

robes of ho-nor shine. But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so: On slippery rocks I

But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanc-tu - a - ry taught me so;

slip-pery rocks I see them stand, And fie-ry bil-lows roll be-low.

slip-pery rocks I see them stand, And fie-ry bil-lows roll be-low.

slip-pery rocks I see them stand, And fie-ry bil-lows roll be-low.

see them stand, And fie - - ry bil-lows roll be-low.

see them stand, And fie - - ry bil-lows roll be-low.

- 2 Their fancied joys,—how fast they flee!
 Just like a dream when man awakes;
 Their songs of softest harmony
 Are but a prelude to their plagues.
 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
 Too dear to purchase with my blood;
 Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion, and my God.

1 When I survey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a-maz-ing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos-pel armor on; March to the gate of endless joys, Where thy great Captain Savior's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy eternal reign, And glitt'ring robes for cou'rors wait.

1 Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un-to us a Sa-vior's born, See, how the angels wing their way, To usher in the glorious day.

2 Come, join the an-gels in the sky, Glory to God, who reigns on high; Let peace and love on earth abound, While time revolves, and years roll round.

COWPER. L. M.

1 Thou! whom my soul admires above All earthly joy, and earth-ly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd! let me know, Where do thy richest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun defends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep, Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 The footsteps of thy flock I see: Thy sweetest pastures here they be; A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, Bought with thy wounds, & groans, & tears.

1 I come, I come to thee, my God! I am so guilt-y I'm a - sham'd; } O Lord! O Lord! do hear my cry,
But I will come, with heart and hand, And own how guilt-y, Lord, I am. }

2 I am a stran - ger here be - low, And what I am 'tis hard to know: } O Lord! O Lord! do hear my cry,
I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear that I'm not born a - gain. }

Be with me now, or I must die; I come to thee with heart and hand, I am, I am a sin - ful man.

Be with me now, or I must die; I come to thee with heart and hand, I am, I am a sin - ful man.

1 God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Ere we can

2 Loud may the troubled o - cean roar, In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide; While eve - ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, While ev' - ry

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God; Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing through, Life, love and

of - fer our com - plaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

na - tion, eve - ry shore, Trem - bles, and dreads the swell - ing tide.

joy, still glid - ing through, And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

1 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Through ev'ry ocean, ev'ry land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.

2 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
O'er earth he reigns forever King;
But makes his church his blest abode,
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

1 Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy pres-ence springs; To spend one day with

1 Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy pres-ence springs; To

1 Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy pres-ence springs, To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex-

To spend one day with thee on earth, Exceeds a thousand

thee on earth Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

spend one day with thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth, Exceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

days of mirth, Ex - - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.

2 Might I employ the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needfull grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

1 Go worship at Immanuel's feet; See in his face what wonders meet; Earth is too narrow to ex - press His worth, his glo-ry, or his grace.

2 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears; His beauties we can never trace, Till we behold him face to face.

REPOSE. L. M.

1 Thou only Sov'reign of my heart, My refuge, my Al-might-y Friend—And can my soul from Thee depart, On whom alone my hopes depend.

2 Whither, ah whither shall I go, A wretched wand'rer from my Lord? Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 E-ter-nal life thy words impart; On these my fainting spirit lives; Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of nature gives.

1 God of e - ter - ni - ty, from thee Did in-fant Time his be - ing draw; Mo - ments, and days, and

2 Si - lent and slow they glide a - way; Stea-dy and strong the cur - rent flows, Lost in e - ter - - ni - months and years, Re-volve by thine un - - va - - ried law. ty's wide sea— The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Upon the rapid stream are borne
Swift on to their eternal home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro - longs my days; And eve - ry eve - ning

2 Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps am near my home; But he for-gives my

The musical score consists of four staves. The first three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/2 time signature. The fourth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first three staves.

shall make known, Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

The musical score continues with two more staves in treble clef, maintaining the key signature of two flats and the 3/2 time signature. The lyrics are written below these staves.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed vigils keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My dust shall sleep beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

1 Be-hold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before; Has waited long, is waiting still: You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands With melting heart and open hands! Oh, matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine, Turn out his enemy and thine; Turn out that hateful monster, sin, And let the heav'nly stranger in.

WINDHAM. L. M.

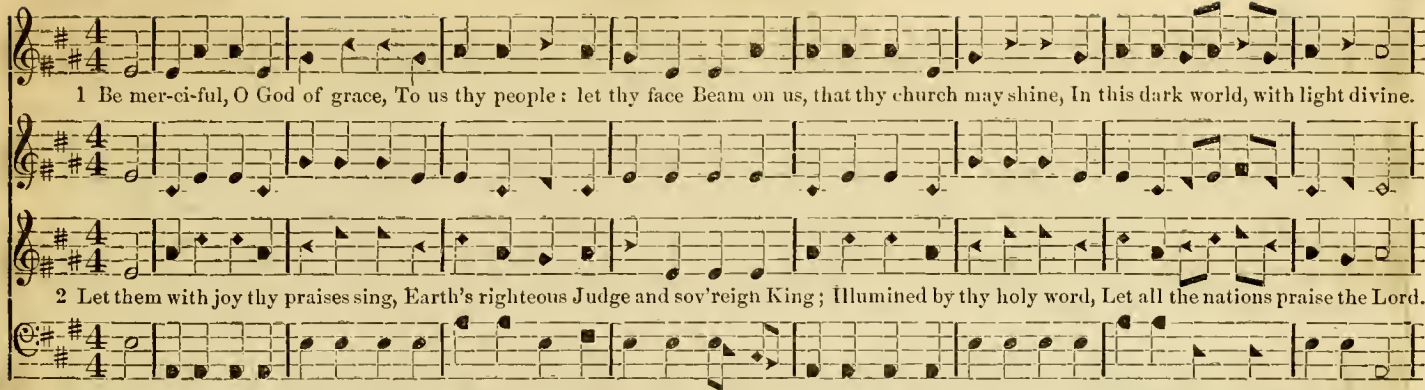
D. READ.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el-er.

2 De-ny thyself and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.

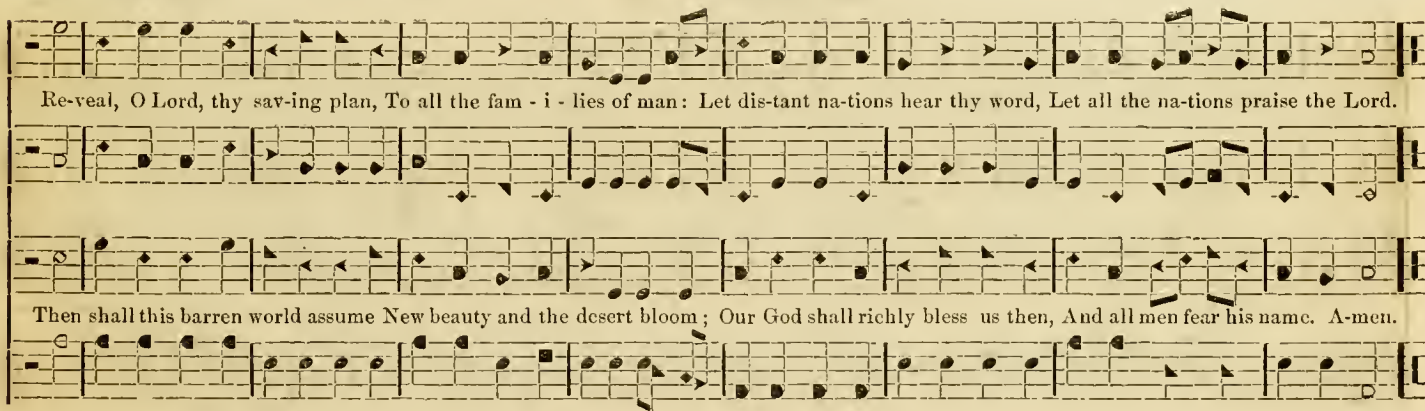
3 The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new, Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates never knew.



1 Be mer-ci-ful, O God of grace, To us thy people : let thy face Beam on us, that thy church may shine, In this dark world, with light divine.

2 Let them with joy thy praises sing, Earth's righteous Judge and sov'reign King ; Illumined by thy holy word, Let all the nations praise the Lord.



Re-veal, O Lord, thy sav-ing plan, To all the fam - i - lies of man : Let dis-tant na-tions hear thy word, Let all the na-tions praise the Lord.

Then shall this barren world assume New beauty and the desert bloom ; Our God shall richly bless us then, And all men fear his name. A-men.

1 What glo-ry gilds the sa-cred page? Ma-jes-tie like the sun, It gives a light to eve-ry age; It gives, but bor-röws none.

2 The power that gave it still sup-plies The gra-cious light and heat: Its truths up-on the na-tions rise; They rise but nev-er set.

3 Let ev-er-last-ing thanks be thine For such a sweet dis-play, As ut-akes a world of dark-ness shine With ev-er-last-ing day.

HOYLMAN. C. M.

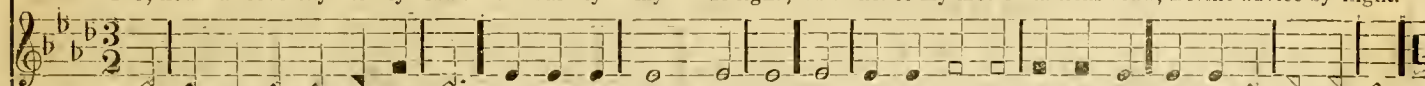
REV. B. FUNK:

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know The gos-pel's joyful sound; Peace shall at-tend the path they go, And light their steps sur-round.

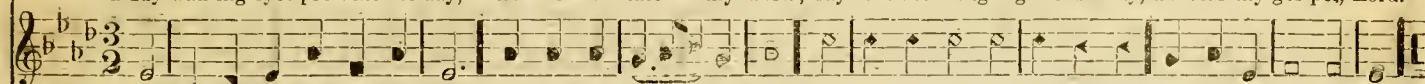
2 Their joy shall bear their spir - its up, Thro' their Redeemer's name; His right-eous-ness ex-alt's their hope, Nor Satan dares con-demn.



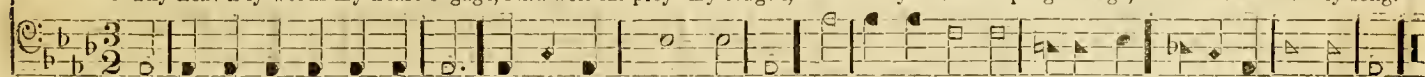
1 O, how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de-light; And thence my med-i - ta-tions draw, Divine advice by night.



2 My wak-ing eyes pre-vent the day, To med-i - tate thy word; My soul with long-ing melts away, To hear thy gos-pel, Lord.



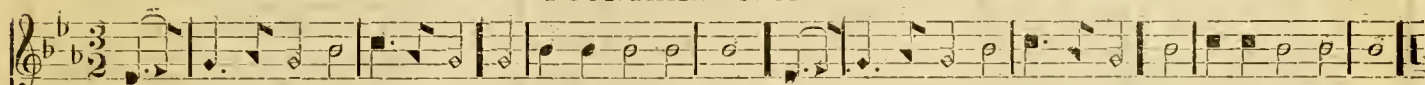
3 Thy heav'n-ly words my heart engage, And well em-ploy my tongue, And in my tire-some pil-grim-age, Yield me a heav'n-ly song.



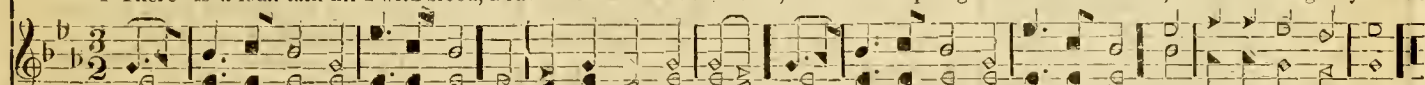
4 Am I a stran-ger, or at home; 'Tis my per - pet - ual feast; Not hon-ey drop-ping from the comb So much al-lures my taste.

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

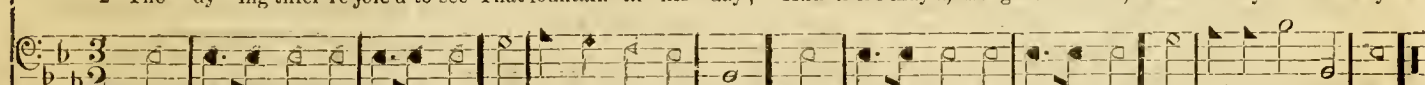
L. MASON.



1 There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.



2 The dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.



3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-som'd church of God Are sav'd to sin no more.

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans-

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - ed

1 When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - - ed

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans-

port-ed with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

port-ed with the view, I'm lost, In won - der, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

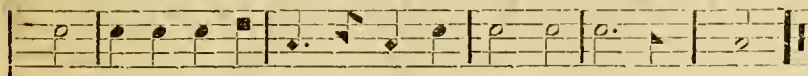


1 Ear - ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face ; } So pil-grims on the scorching sand, Beneath a burn-ing sky,
My thirst-y spir-it faints a-way, Without thy cheering grace : }

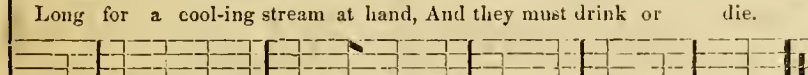
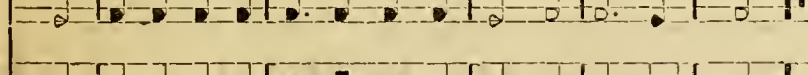



2 I've seen thy glo-ry and thy pow'r, Thro' all thy temples shine ; } Not life it-self, with all its joys, Can my best passions move,
My God, re-repeat that heav'nly hour, That vis-ion so di-vine. }

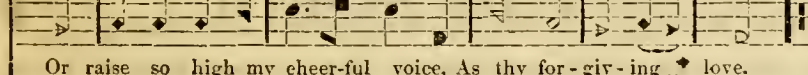





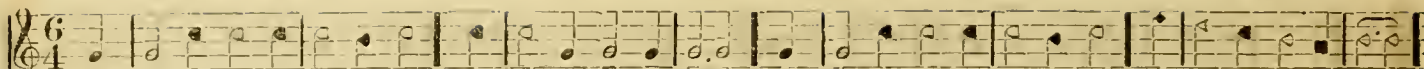
Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

Or raise so high my cheer-ful voice, As thy for-giv-ing love.

- 1 Once more we come before our God ;
Once more his blessing ask :
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task.
Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heav'n, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 2 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart ;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.
To seek thee all our hearts dispose ;
To each thy blessings snit ;
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.



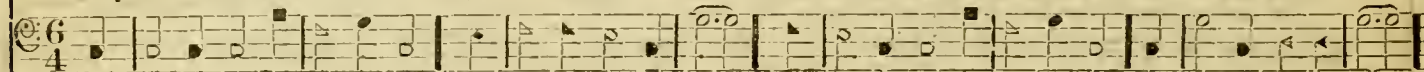

1 Beyond the glitt'ring, star-ry skies Far as th' e-ter-nal hills, There in the boundless worlds of light, Our dear Re-deem-er dwells.



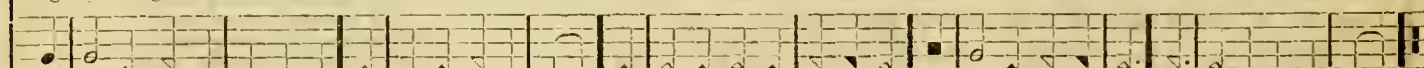
2 "Hail, glorious Prince of peace!" they cry, "Whose unexampled love Moved Thee to quit those glorious realms, And roy-al - ties a - bove."



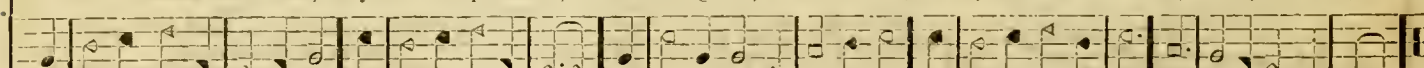
3 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds, And view'd the crimson gore; They saw him break the bars of death, Which none ere broke be-fore.

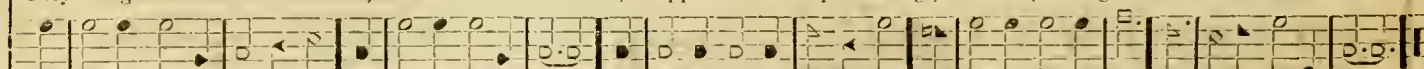
Legions of angels round his throne, In countless armies shine; And swell his praise with golden harps, Attun'd to songs divine, Attun'd to songs divine.

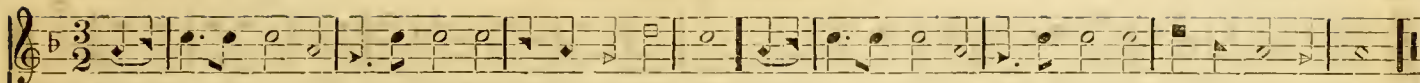


Thro' all his travels here below, They did his steps attend; Oft wondering how, or where at last, The mystic scene would end, The mystic scene, &c.

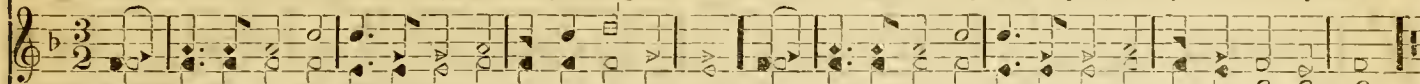


They brought his chariot from above, To bear him to his throne; Clapp'd their triumphant wings, and cried, "The glorious work is done!" "The &c.

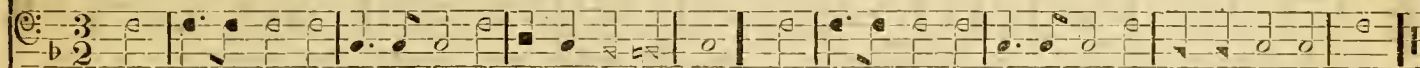




1 Blest are the un-de-filed in heart, Whose ways are right and clean : Who nev-er from thy law de-part, But fly from eve-ry sin.



2 Blest are the men that keep thy word, And practice thy commands ; With their whole heart they seek thee, Lord, And serve thee with their hands.



3 Great is their peace who love thy law ; How firm their souls abide ! Nor can a bold temp-tation draw Their stead-y feet a - side.

4 Then shall my heart have in-ward joy, And keep my face from shame, When all thy stat-utes I o - bey, And ho-nor all thy name.

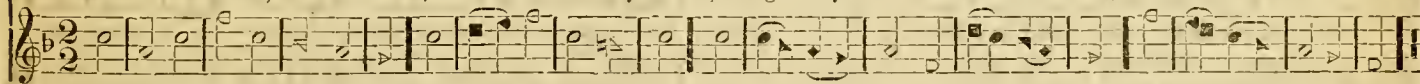
HARRISONBURG. C. M.



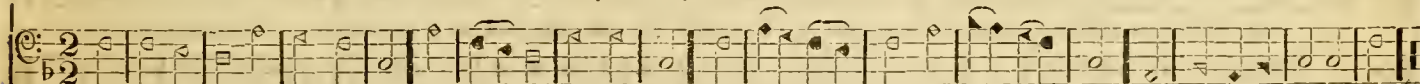
1 Let them neglect thy glo-ry, Lord ! Who nev-er knew thy grace ; But our loud songs shall still re - cord The won - ders of thy praise.



2 We raise our shouts, O God ! to thee, And send them to thy throne ; All glo - ry to th' u - ni - ted Three,— The un - di - vi - ded One.



3 'Twas He—and we'll adore his name—That form'd us by a word ; 'Tis He re - stores our ru - in'd frame ; Sal - va - tion to the Lord !



4 Ho-san-na ! let the earth and skies Re-peat the joy - ful sound ; Rocks, hills, and vales re-lect the voice, In one e - ter-nal round.

1 Come, let us join our souls to God In ev - er - last-ing bands, And seize the blessings he bestows With ea - ger hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his tem-ple haste, And seek his fa - vor there; Be - fore his footstool humbly bow, And of - fer fer-vent prayer.

3 Come, let us share, with-out de - lay, The bless-ings of his grace; Nor shall the years of distant life Their mem'ry e'er ef - face.

Chanting style.

ROHR. C. M.

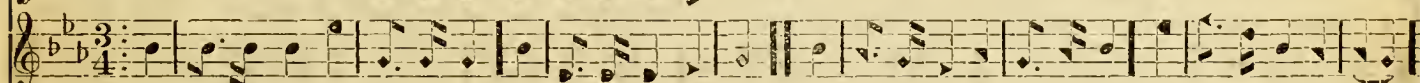
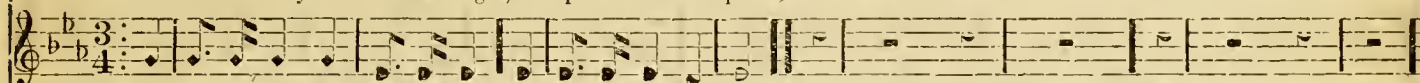
1 How large the promise, how di-vine, To Abra'm and his seed— I am a God to thee and thine, Sup-ply - ing all their need.

2 The words of his un-bound-ed love From age to age en-dure! The an-gel of the Cov'-nant proves And seals the bless-ings sure.

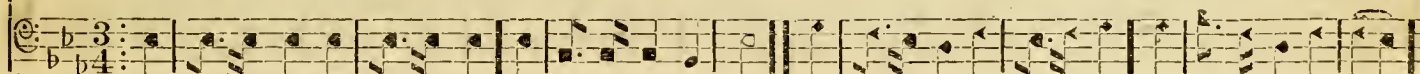
3 Je - sus the an-eient faith confirms, To our great fa - ther giv'n; He takes our children to his arms, And calls them heirs of heav'n.



1 There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign ; } There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs ;
In - fin - ite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain. }



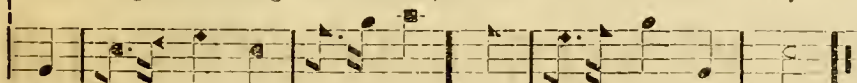
2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green ; } But tim'rous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea !
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan roll'd between. }



Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides, This heav'n-ly land from ours.



And ling-er shiv'-ring on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.



3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !
Could we but climb where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

1 Hark! from the tombs, a doleful sound! Mine ears at-tend the ery; Ye liv-ing men, come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princ-es, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs; The tall, the wise, the rev'-rend head Must lis as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this our cer-tain doom! And are we still se-cure! Still walk-ing downward to the tomb, And yet pre-pare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace To fit our souls to fly; Then, when we'drop this dy-ing flesh, We'll rise a-bove the sky.

MAJESTY. C. M.

BILLINGS.

1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The

tri - - - - umphs of his grace. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro - claim, To spread thro' all the

earth a-broad The honors of thy name, To spread thro' all the earth abroad The honors of thy name.

2

Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
 'Tis life and health and peace.
 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin;
 He sets the pris'n'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glo-ry of my brig-t-est days, And

2 In dark-est shades if thou ap-pear, My dawn-ing is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morn-ing star, And

3 The open-ing heav'n's a-round me shine With beams of sac-red bliss, If Je-sus shows his mer-cy mine, And

com-fort of my nights!..... And com-fort of my nights!

thou my ri-sing sun,..... And thou my ri-sing sun.

whis-per I am his,..... And whis-per I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conq'ror through,
Would bear me conq'ror through.

1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, how sweet the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of

1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How sweet the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of

Sha - ron's dew - y rose, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.

Sha - ron's dew - y rose, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.

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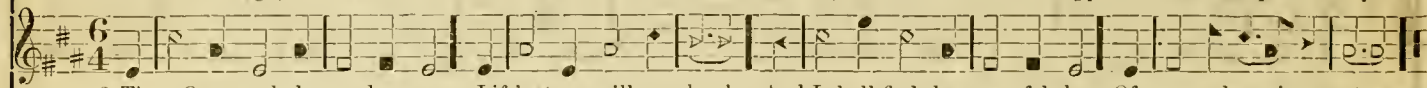
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay!
The rose that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In child-hood, man-hood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.



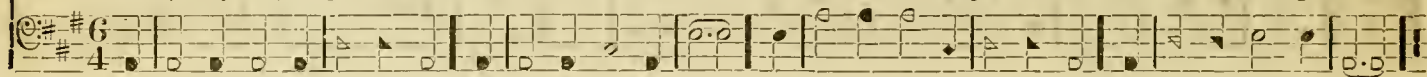
1 A few more days on earth to spend, And all my cares shall end, And I shall see my God and Friend, And praise his name on high.



2 No more to sigh, nor shed a tear, Nor suf-fer pain nor fear; But God, and Christ and heaven appear, Unto the raptured eye.



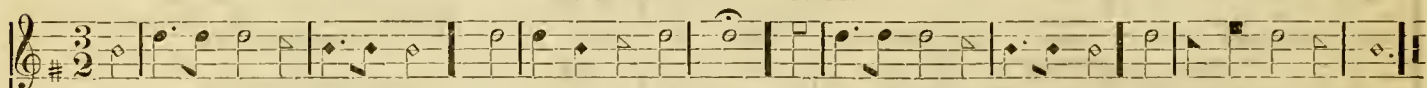
3 Then, O my soul, de-pond no more; Life's storm will soon be o'er, And I shall find that peaceful shore Of ev-er-last-ing rest.



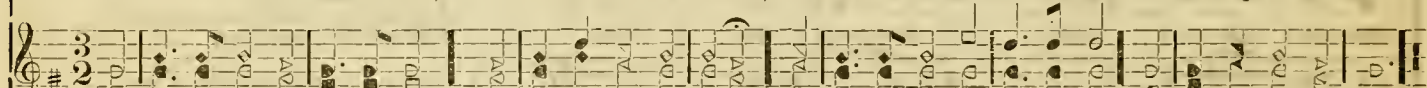
4 O, hap-py day! O, joy-ful hour! When, free, my soul shall tower, Beyond the reach of Satan's power, To be for-ev-er blest.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

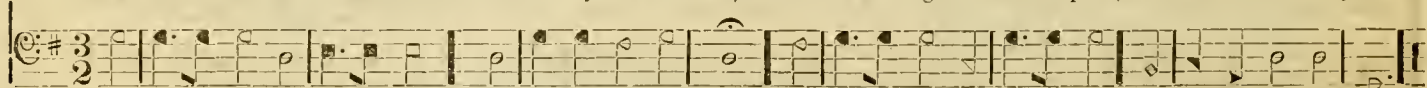
DR. ARNE.



1 Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?



2 Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'-ry beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?

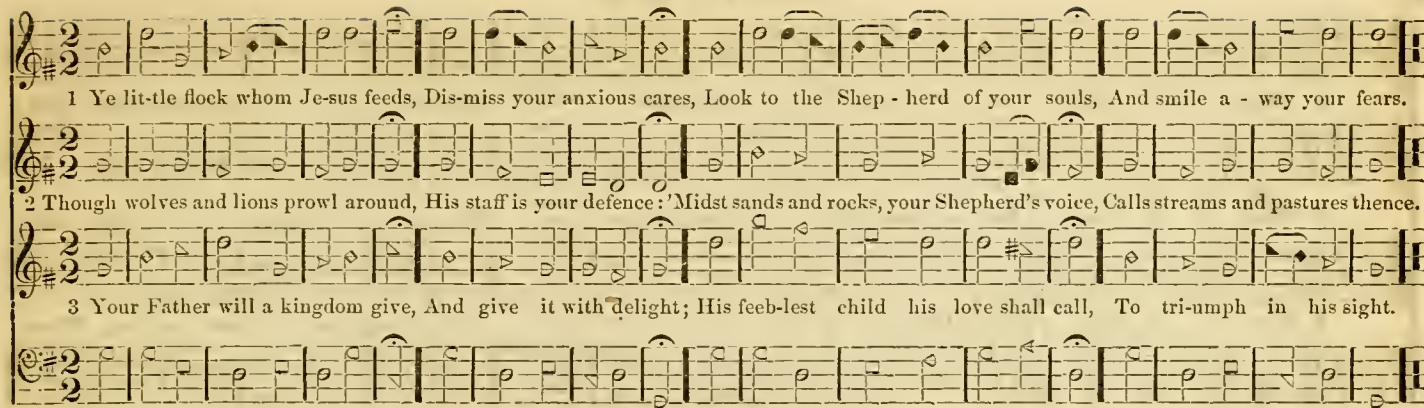


3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy Word.

DUNDEE. C. M.

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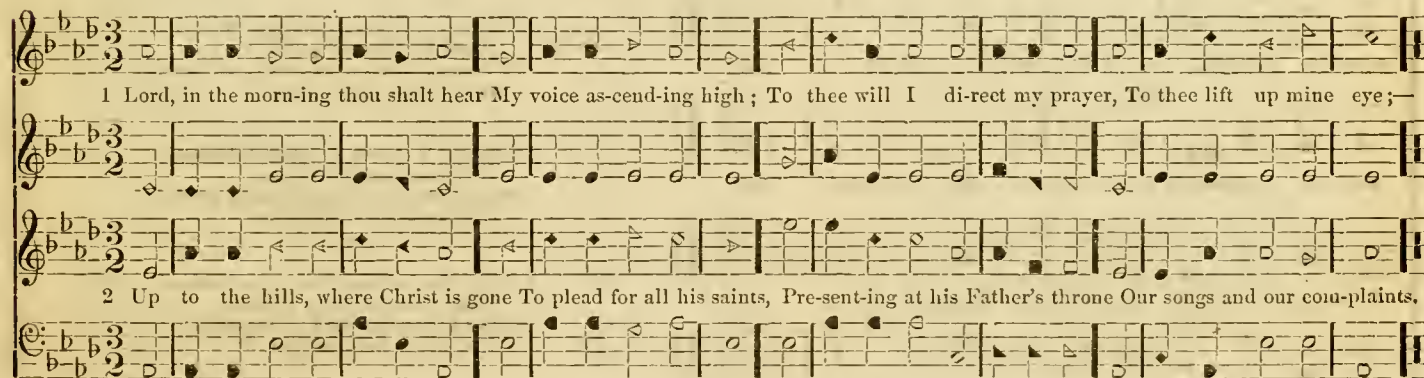
1 Ye lit-tle flock whom Je-sus feeds, Dis-miss your anxious cares, Look to the Shep - herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around, His staff is your defence: 'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice, Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give, And give it with delight; His feeblest child his love shall call, To tri-umph in his sight.

ENDFIELD. C. M.

Arr. from GLAZER.



1 Lord, in the morn-ing thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high; To thee will I di-rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye;—

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints, Pre-sent-ing at his Father's throne Our songs and our com-plaints,

1 There is a land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way From eve - ry eye by God's own hand, And

2 There is a Home, a hap - py home, Where way-worn travelers rest, Where toil and lan-guor nev - er come, And

3 There is a Port, a peace - ful port, A safe and qui - et shore, Where wea-ry mar - i - ners re - sort, When

night is turned to day, And night is turned to day.

eve - ry mourn-er's blest, And eve - ry mourn-er's blest.

life's rough voyage is o'er, When life rough voyage is o'er.

- 4 There is a Clime, a glorious clime,
A region fair and calm;
Where all around are scenes sublime,
And all the air is balm.
- 5 There is a crown, a dazzling crown,
Bedecked with jewels fair;
And priests and kings of high renown
That crown of glory wear,
- 6 That land be mine, that calm retreat,
That crown of glory bright;
Then I'll esteem each bitter sweet,
And every burden light.

1 My soul, come, med-i - tate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to un-known

2 And you, my friends, look down and view The hol-low, ga-ping tomb; This gloom-y pris-on waits for you, When-e'er the summons

lands,..... And fly to un - known lands.

come,..... When - e'er the sum - mons come.

3 Oh could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

5 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

1 Like Noah's wea-ry dove, That soared the earth a-round, But not a rest-ing place a-bove The cheerless wa-ters found.

2 O cease my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam: All the wide world to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home:

3 Be-hold the ark of God, Be-hold the o-pen door; Has-ten to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

MALVERN. S. M.

Music by ALBINE.

1 The hours of eve-ning close; Its length-ened shad-ows, drawn O'er scenes of earth in-vite repose, And wait the Sab-bath - dawn.

2. So let its calm pre-vail O'er forms of out-ward care: Nor thought for ma-n-y things as-sail The still re-treat of prayer.

3 Our guar-dian Shep-herd near, His watch-ful eye will keep; And, safe from vi-o-lence and fear, Will fold his flock to sleep.

1 Is this the kind re - turn, And these the thanks we owe! Thus to a - buse e - ter - nal Love, Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stub-born frame, Hath sin re - due'd our minds! What strange, re-bel-lious wretch-es we, And God as strange-ly kind!

3 On us he bids the sun Shed his re - vi - ving rays; For us the skies their cir - cles run, To length-en out our days.

STILLINGFLEET. S. M.

Swiss Melody.

1 My God, per-mit my tongue This joy, to eall thee mine; And let my ear - ly cries pre-vail To taste thy love di - vine.

2 My thirst-y, faint-ing soul Thy mer-cy does im - plore; Not trav-el-ers in des-ert lands Can pant for wa - ter more.

3 Within thy church-es, Lord, I long to find a place, Thy pow'r and glo-ry to be - hold, And feel thy quick'ning grace.

1 Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo-ry sing; Je - ho - vah is the Sov'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

2 He form'd the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound: The wa - tery worlds are all his own: And all the sol - id ground.

3 Come, wor - ship at his throne; Come, bow before the Lord; We are his works, and not our own: He form'd us by his word.

DOVER. S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one! Whose kind designs to serve and please Thro' all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pi-ous house Where zeal and friendship meet; Their songs of praise, their mingled vows, Make their communion sweet.

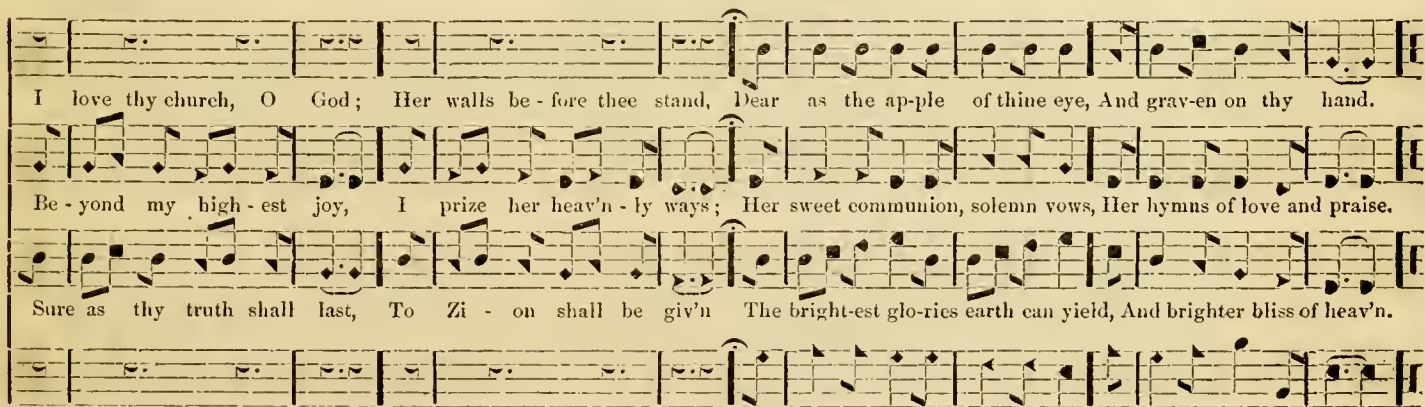
3 Thus on the heav'nly hills The saints are blest a - bove, Where joy, like morning dew, dis-tils, And all the air is love.



1 I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a-bode, The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd With his own precious blood.

2 For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as-cend; To her my toils and cares be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Je - sus, thou Friend Di - vine, Our Sa - vior and our King, Thy hand from ev'-ry snare and foe Shall great deliv'rance bring.



I love thy church, O God; Her walls be-fore thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.

Be-yond my high-est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways; Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

1 Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a-rise; Wel-come to this re-viv-ing breast, And these re-joic-ing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to-day; Here may we sit and hear Him here, And love and praise and pray.

3 One day a-mid the place, Where my dear God hath been Is sweet-er than ten thousand days Of pleas-ur-a-ble sin.

4 My wil-ling soul would stay, In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her-self a-way To ev-er-last-ing bliss.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

1 Blest Com-fort-er, Di-vine Whose rays of heav'n-ly love A-mid our gloom and darkness shine, And point our souls a-bove.

2 Thou, who with "still small voice" Dost stop the sinner's way, And bid the mourning saint rejoice, Tho' earth-ly joys de-cay.

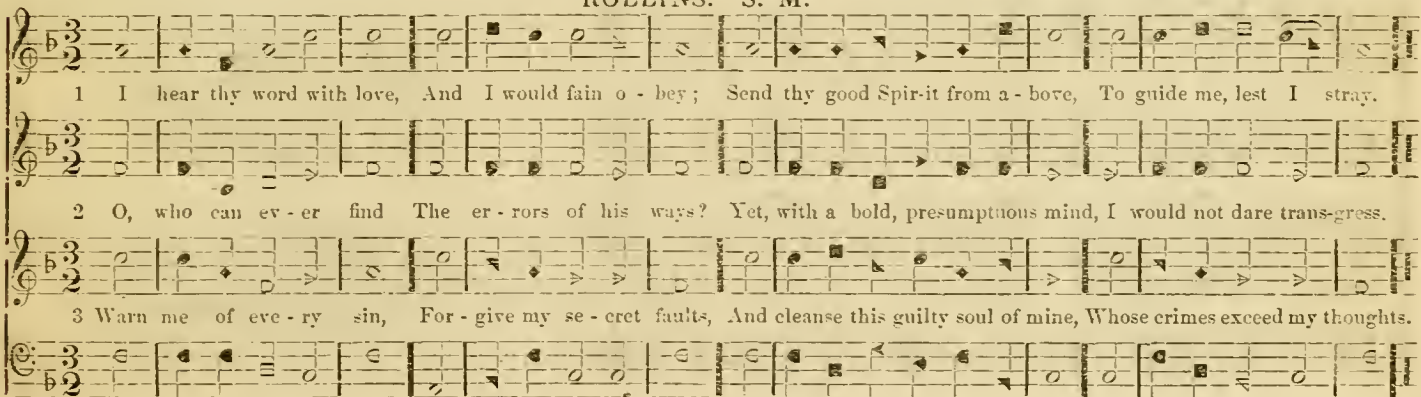


1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known: Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2 The sor-rows of the mind, Be ban-ish'd from the place: Re-li-gion nev-er was de-sign'd To make our pleas-ures less.

3 Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But fav'r-ites of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad,

ROLLINS. S. M.



1 I hear thy word with love, And I would fain o-bey; Send thy good Spir-it from a-bove, To guide me, lest I stray.

2 O, who can ev-er find The er-rors of his ways? Yet, with a bold, presumptuous mind, I would not dare trans-gress.

3 Warn me of eve-ry sin, For-give my se-cret faults, And cleanse this guilty soul of mine, Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

1 Thou Judge of quick and dead, Be-fore whose bar se - vere, With ho - ly joy or guilt-ty dread, We all shall soon ap - pear.

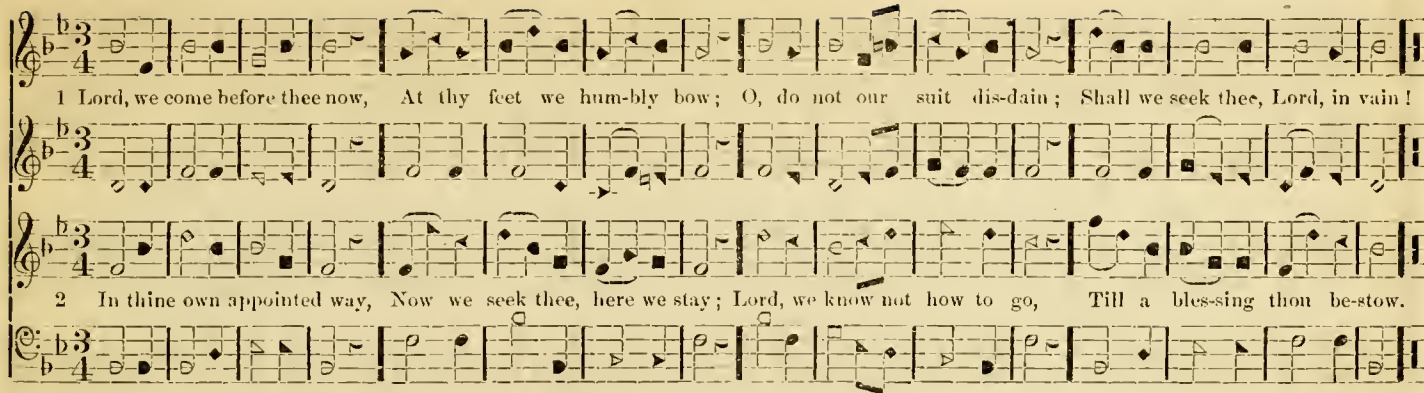
2 Our caution'd souls pre - pare For that tre-men - dous day, And fill us now with watch-ful care, And stir us up to pray,

With ho-ly joy, or guilt - ty dread, We all shall soon ap - pear.

And fill us now with watch-ful care, And stir us up to pray.

3 Oh may we all be found
Obedient to thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

4 Oh may we all insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!



1 Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we hum-bly bow; O, do not our suit dis-dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain!

2 In thine own appointed way, Now we seek thee, here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bles-sing thou be-stow.

ROSEFIELD. 7's.

Subject from MALAN.



1 From the cross up-lift - ed high, Where the Savior deigns to die, } "Love's redeeming work is done; Come and welcome, sinner, come!
What me-lo-dious sounds we hear, Burst-ing on the rav-ish'd ear,

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan! } Bow the knee and kiss the Son: Come and welcome, sinner, come!"
On my wound-ed bo - dy laid, Jus-tice owns the ran-som paid:!"

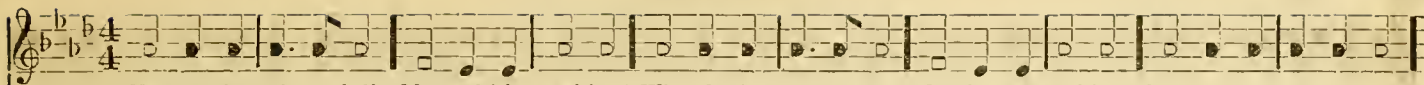
1 When thou my righteous Judge shalt come, To take thy ran-som'd people home, Shall I a-mong them stand? Shall such a worthless woin as

2 I love to meet thy peo-ple now, Be - fore thy feet with them to bow, Though vi-let of them all; But can I bear the piercing

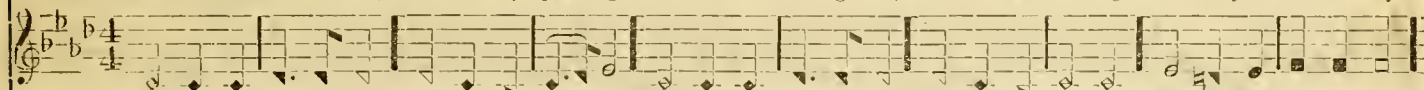
I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand.

thought! What if my name should be left out When thou for them shalt call!

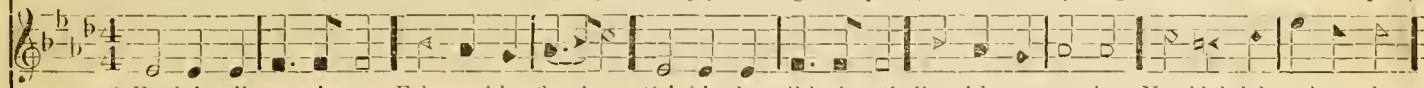
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my Hiding place,
In the accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' Archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heav'n's rescu'd mansions ring
With shouts of sov'reign grace.



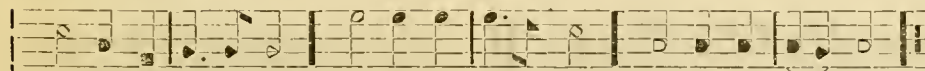
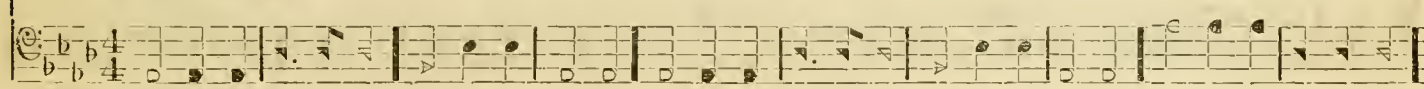
1 Hark to the sol-ern bell, Mourn-ful-ly peal-ing! What do its wail-ings tell, On the ear steal-ing? Seem they not thus to say



2 When in their lonely bed, Loved ones are ly-ing; When joy-ful wings are spread, To heav-en fly-ing; Would we to sin and pain,



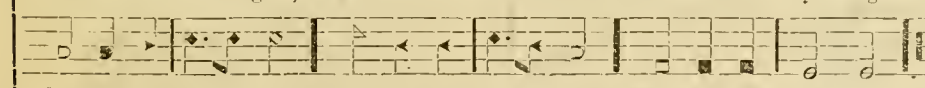
3 Earth is all van-i-ty, False as 'tis fleet-ing; Grief is in all its joys, Smiles with tears meeting; Youth's brightest hopes decay,



Loved ones have passed away? Ash-es with ash-es lay, List to its peal-ing.



Call back their souls again, Weave round their hearts the chain Severed in dy-ing?



Pass like morn's gems away, Too fair on earth to stay, Where all is fleet-ing.



4 No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee, their Savior,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransom'd forever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and forever.



Hear them tell the wondrous



1 Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angelic host rejoices; Heav'nly hallelujahs rise. Hear them tell the wondrous



Hear them tell the wondrous



Hear them tell the wondrous



story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,



sto-ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glory in the highest—glory! Glory be to God most high!"



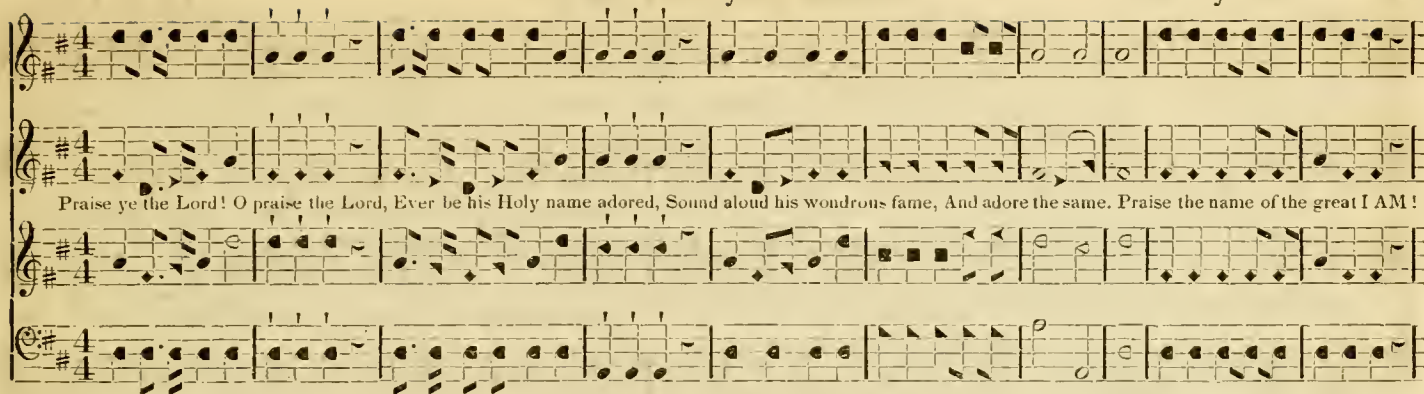
sto-ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,



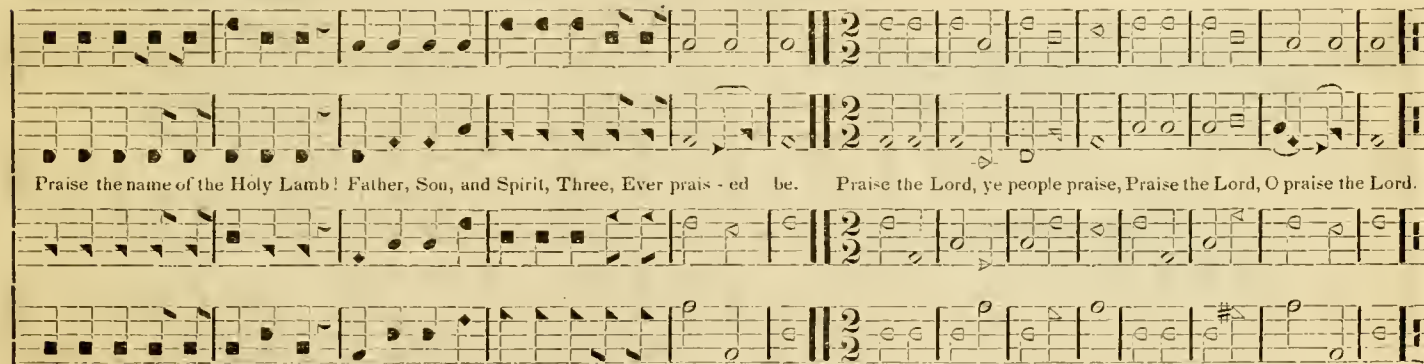
story, Hear them chant in hymns of joy,

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found,
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven,"
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.
 "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 Oh, receive whom God appointed,
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

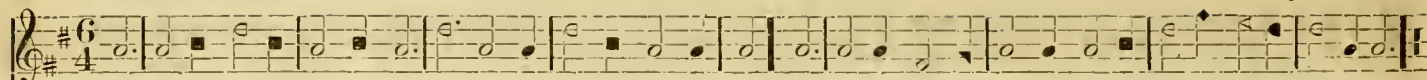
3 Sinners, learn that song of glory;
 Hail the heav'nly kingdom nigh:
 Spread abroad the wondrous story:
 Shout in praise to God most high.
 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name and taste his joy:
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 "Glory be to God most high."



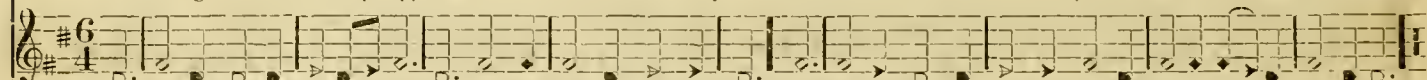
Praise ye the Lord! O praise the Lord, Ever be his Holy name adored, Sound aloud his wondrous fame, And adore the same. Praise the name of the great I AM!



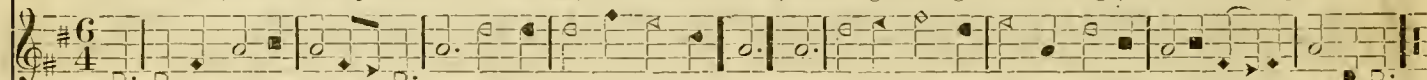
Praise the name of the Holy Lamb! Father, Son, and Spirit, Three, Ever prais - ed be. Praise the Lord, ye people praise, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.



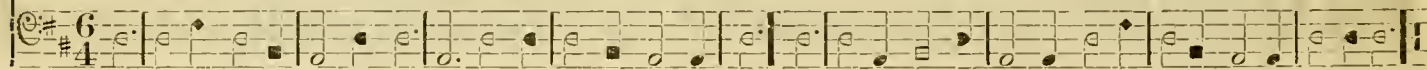
1 Oh! for a glance of heaven-ly day, To take this stubborn stone away: And thaw with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.



2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake; The seas can roar, the mountains shake; Of feeling all things show some sign, But this unfeeling heart of mine.



3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt, O Lord, an adamant would melt; But I can read each moving line, And nothing moves this heart of mine.



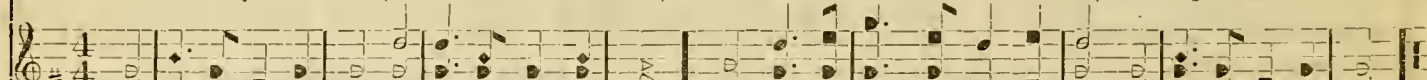
4 But something yet can do the deed; And that blest something much I need: Thy Spirit can from dross refine, And melt & change this heart of mine.

MOSELY. S. M.

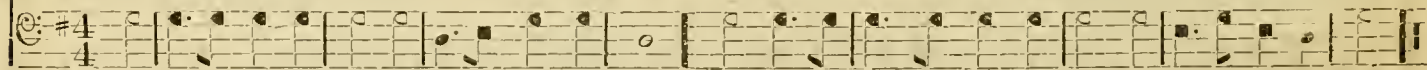
E. DUMAS. By permission.



1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come, And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with-in the tomb:



2 A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock-y shore; And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And surg - es swell no more.



3 A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings o'er, A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more:

4 A few more Sab-baths here Shall cheer us on our way; And we shall reach the end-less rest, Th' e - ter - nal Sab-bath - day.

1 See day-light is fad - ing o'er earth and o'er o - cean ; The sun has gone down on the far dis-tant sea ; Oh, now, in the hush of life's

2 Full oft wast thou found a - far on the moun-tain, As ev-en-tide spread her dark wing o'er the wave : Thou Son of the Highest, and

fit - ful com-mo-tion, We lift our tired spir-its, blest Sa - vior, to thee.

life's end-less foun-tain, Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

3 And oft as the tumult of life's heaving billow
Shall toss our frail bark, driving wild o'er night's deep,
Let thy healing wing be stretch'd over our pillow.
And guard us from evil, thro' death watch our sleep.

4 To God, our great Father, whose throne is in heaven,
Who dwells with the lowly and contrite in heart,
To th' Son and the Spirit all glory be given :
One God, ever blessed and praised, thou art.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve, }
 Come, with your guilt and fears oppress'd, And make this last resolve; } "I'll go to Je - sus, tho' my sins Have like a moun-tain rose;

2 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne, And there my guilt confess; }
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch un - done, Without his pard'ning grace. } I'll to the gra-cious King ap - proach, Whose scep-tre par-don gives,

I know his courts, I'll en - ter in What - ev - er may op - pose.

Per - haps he may com-mand my touch, And then the sup-pliant lives.

3 "Perhaps he may admit my plea,
 Perhaps will hear my pray'r;
 But if I perish I will pray,
 And perish only there.
 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolved to try;
 For if I stay away I know,
 I must forever die."

1 I am a great com-plain-er, That bears the name of Christ; Come, all ye Zi-on mourners, And list-en to my cries: I've ma-ny sore temp-

2 O Lord of life and glo-ry, My sins to me re-veal, And by thy love and pow-er, My sin-sick spir-it heal! I thought my war-fare

ta-tions, And sorrows to my soul; I feel my faith de-clin-ing, And my af-fec-tions cold.

o-ver, No trou-ble I should see; But now I'm like a lone dove That mourns upon the tree.

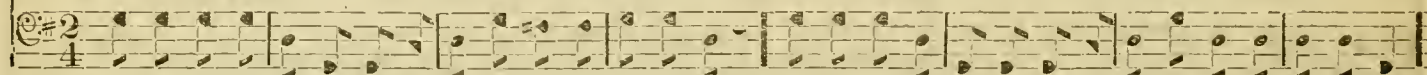
- 3 I wish it was with me now
As in the days of old,
When the glorious light of Jesus
Was shining in my soul;
But now I am distressed,
And no relief can find,—
A hard, deceitful heart, and
A wretched wandering mind.
- 4 It is great pride and passion
Beset me on my way,
Thus I am filled with folly,
And so forget to pray:
While others run rejoicing
And seem to lose no time,
I am so weak I stumble,
And so am left behind.



1 Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the blest: Let me go where my Re-deem-er, Has prepared his peo-ple's rest.



2 I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forever more, I would join the friends that wait me Over on the oth-er shore.



3 Let me go where none are weary, Where is raised no wail of woe: Let me go and bathe my spir - it In the raptures an-gels know.

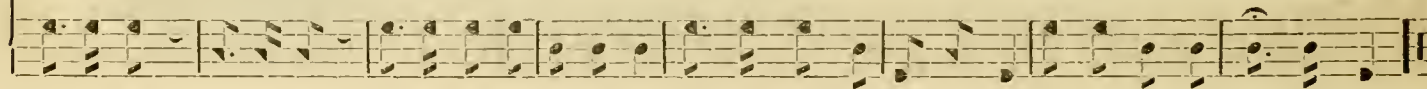
4 Let me go for bliss e - ter - nal, Lures my soul a - way, a - way, And the vic-tor's song triumphant, Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.



Let me go, Let me go, To that land so bright and fair, Let me go, O, let me go, For I'm long - ing to be there.



Let me go, Let me go, To that land so bright and fair, Let me go, O, Let me go, For I'm long-ing to be there.



HEAVENLY HOME.

129



1 Come, breth-ren, don't grow weary But let us jour-ney on; The mo-ments will not tar-ry, This life will soon be gone. }
The pass-ing scenes all tell us That death will surely come; These bod-ies soon will moulder, In th'dark and si-lent tomb. }



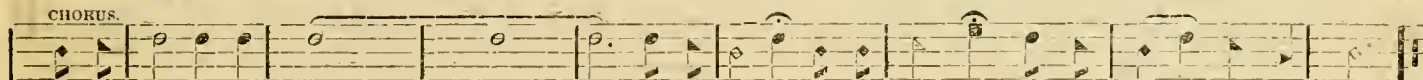
2 Lov'd ones have gone be-fore us, They beck-on us a-way, O'er ae-rial plains they're soar-ing, Blest in e-ter-nal day. }
But we are in the ar-my, And dare not leave our post: We'll fight un-til we con-quer The foe's most might-y host. }



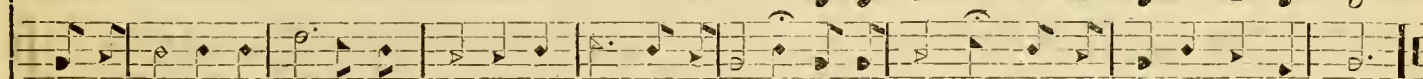
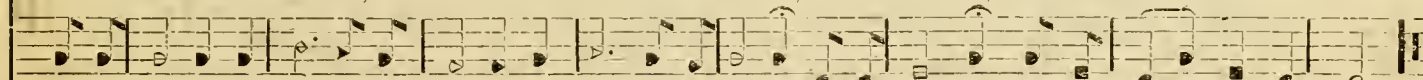
3 Our Cap-tain's gone be-fore us; He kind-ly calls us home, To yon-der world of glo-ry, And sweet-ly bids us come. }
The world; the flesh and sa-tan Will try to hedge our way; But we'll o'er-come these pow-ers, We'll hourly watch and pray. }



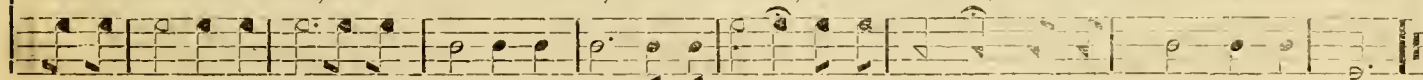
CHORUS.



There is sweet rest in heaven,..... There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.



There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest in heaven, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

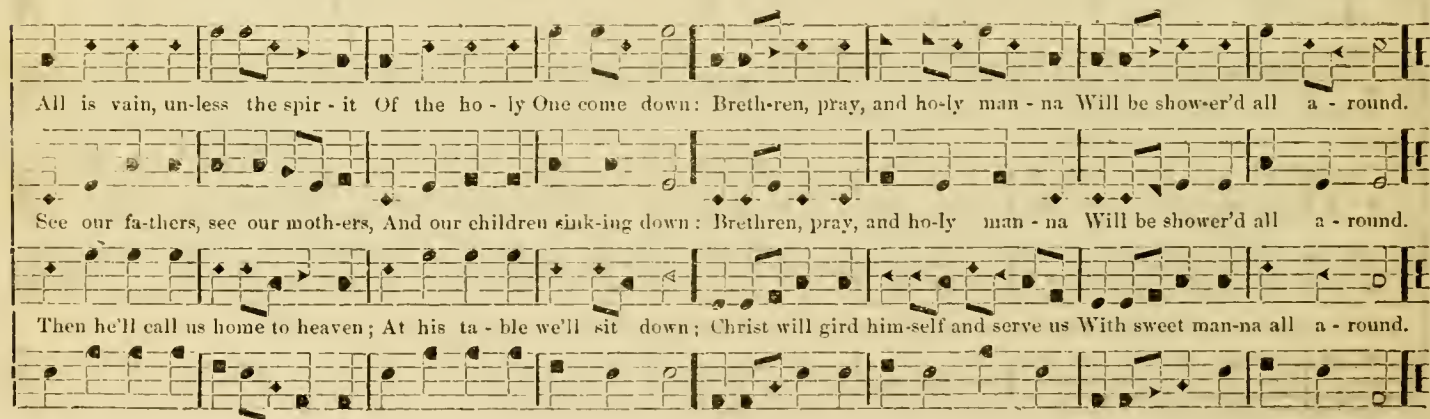




1 Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship, And a-dore the Lord our God ; Will you pray with all your power, While we try to preach the word ?

2 Breth-ren, see poor sinners round you, Slumb'ring on the brink of woe ; Death is coming, hell is moving, Can you bear to let them go ?

3 Breth-ren, let us love each oth - er, And our God supremely too ; Let us love and pray for sinners, Till our God makes all things new.



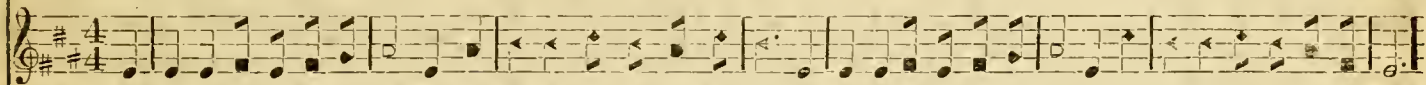
All is vain, un-less the spir - it Of the ho - ly One come down : Breth-ren, pray, and ho-ly man - na Will be show-er'd all a - round.

See our fa-thers, see our moth-ers, And our children sink-ing down : Brethren, pray, and ho-ly man - na Will be shower'd all a - round.

Then he'll call us home to heaven ; At his ta - ble we'll sit down ; Christ will gird him-self and serve us With sweet man-na all a - round.



I I'll rise up ear-ly in the morn-ing, The morning of the Sabbath day, I'll rise up early in the morning, And haste to Sabbath-school away.



2 While there I'll listen to my teacher, And treasure up what he may say, While there I'll listen to my teacher, As up to heaven he points the way.

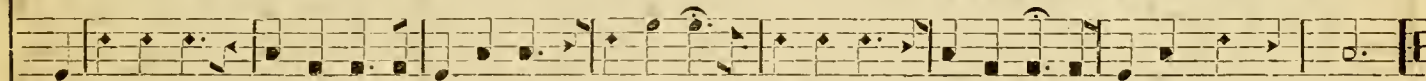


3 I'll learn my les-son in the Bi-ble, And try to practice what I learn; I'll learn my lesson in the Bible, And every sinful way will shun.

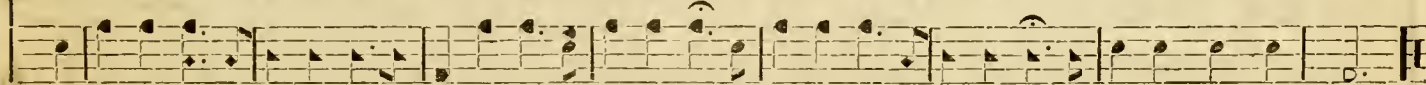
4 Then I'll not tri-ble a - ny lon-ger, Nor throw my precious hours away, Then I'll not trifle any longer, But go to Christ without de-lay.



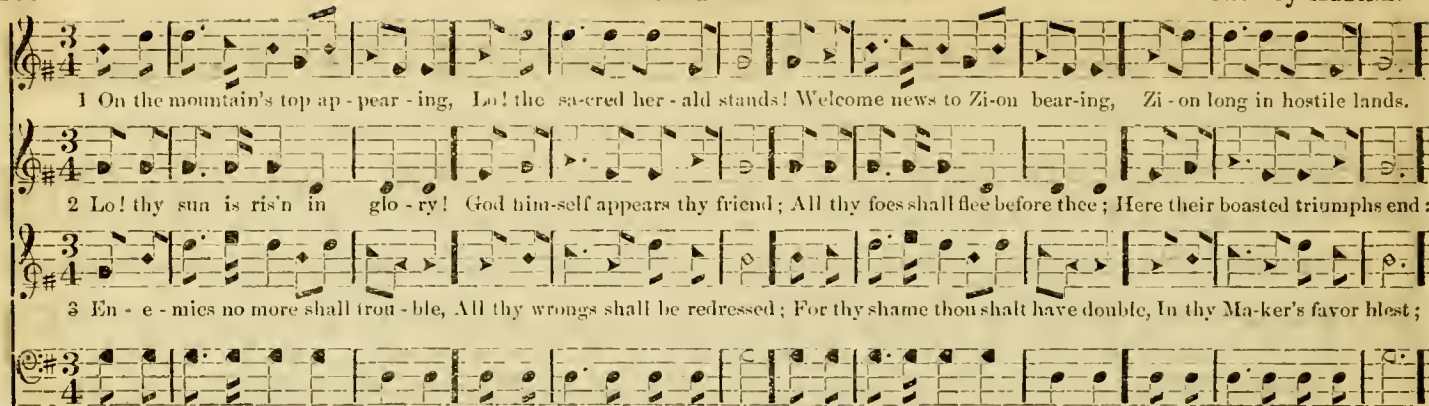
For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The Sabbath-school, the Sabbath-school, For oh, I love the Sabbath-school, The precious Sabbath-school.



For oh, I love my teach-er dear, My teacher dear, my teacher dear; For oh, I love my teach-er dear, So good and kind to me.



For oh, I love that bles-sed book, That blessed book, that blessed book, For oh, I love that blessed book, So full of grace and truth.
And dwell with him in heav'n a-bove, In heaven above, in heaven above, And dwell with him in heaven above, A heaven of joy and love.



1 On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands! Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hostile lands.

2 Lo! thy sun is ris'n in glo - ry! God him-self appears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here their boasted triumphs end:

3 En - e - mies no more shall trou - ble, All thy wrongs shall be redressed; For thy shame thou shalt have double, In thy Ma - ker's favor blest;



Mourning captive! God him - self shall loose thy bands, God him-self shall loose thy bands, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

Great deliv'rance, Zi - on's King vouch-safes to send, Zi - on's King vouch-safes to send, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

All thy con-flicts end in an e - ter - nal rest, End in an e - ter - nal rest, Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!

1 In faith-ful bonds u - ni - ted, By friend-ship's gentle pow'r, In so - cial joys de-light-ed, We spend the hap-py hour; No

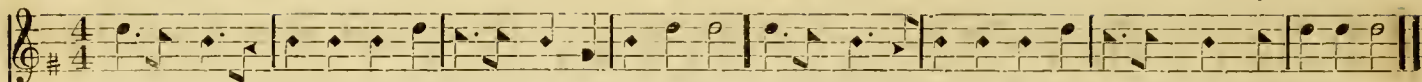
2 When skies are bright a-bove us, And sun-shine cheers our way; When ten-der hearts that love us, Grow fond-er day by day, Each

3 So gloom-y doubts and sad-ness Are chas'd a-far by joy, And grate-ful songs of glad-ness Our hearts and tongues em-ploy, While

trou-ble o'er our pleas-ures Its dark'-ning shade shall throw, No harsh dis-cord-ant meas-ure Our song of cheer shall know.

smile of kind-ness light-ens The tri - als that we meet, And heav'n-ly ra-diance brightens The wand'rings of our feet.

faith-ful - ly u - ni - ted By friend-ship's gen - tle pow'r, In so - cial bliss de-light-ed We spend the hap - py hour.



1 Dark and thorn-y is the des-ert Thro' which pilgrims make their way: But beyond this vale of sorrows Lie the fields of endless day.



2 O, young sol-diers, are you wea-ry, Of the tronbles of the way? Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vig-or to de-cay?
3 Je-sus, Je-sus will go with you—He will lead you to his throne, He who dyed his garments for you, And the winepress trod alone!



4 Round him are ten thousand an-gels, Rea-dy to o-bey command, They are always hov'ring round you, Till you reach the heav'nly land.
5 There on flow'ry hills of pleas-ure, In the fields of end-less rest, Love and joy and peace shall ev-er Reign and triumph in your breast.

CHORUS



Cheer thee, pilgrim! don't be weary, Tho' the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walk-ing with thee, To a clime for-ev-er fair.



Cheer thee, pilgrim! don't be weary, Tho' the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ev-er fair.



Cheer thee, pilgrim! don't be weary, Tho' the road seem dark with care, Angel feet are walking with thee, To a clime for-ev-er fair.

1 Peo-ple of the liv-ing God, I have sought the world around, Paths of sin and sor-row trod, Peace and com-fort nowhere found;

2 Lone-ly I no lon-ger roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave; Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave;

Now to you my spir-it turns—Turns a fu-gi-tive un-blest; Breth-ren, where your altar burns, O re-ceive me in-to rest.

Mine the God whom you a-dore, Your Re-deem-er shall be mine; Earth can fill my soul no more,—Eve-ry i-dol I re-sign.

SOLDIER, GO HOME.

1 Go to the grave in all thy glo-rious prime, In full ae-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power; A Chris-tian can-not

2 Go to the grave; at noon from la-bor cease; Rest on thy sheaves, thy har-vest work is done; Come from the heat of

3 Go to the grave, for there the Sa-vior lay, In death's em-bra-ces, ere he rose on high, And all the ran-somed

die be-fore his time, The Lord's appointment is the ser-vant's hour.

bat-tle and of peace, Sol-dier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

by that nar-row way, Pass to e-ter-nal life be-yond the sky.

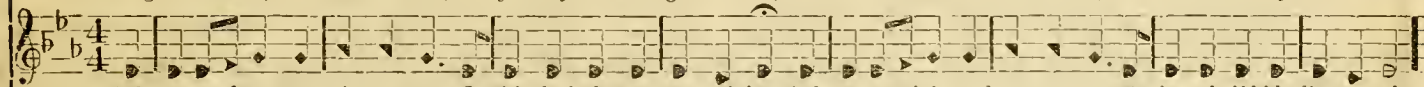
SECOND HYMN.

House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
With sacred joy his wondrous deeds proclaim,
Let every tongue be vocal with his name.

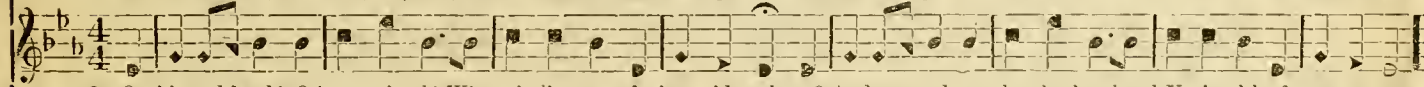
The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright on ever blooming hills,
His honor sound; you, to whom good alone;
Unmingled, ever-growing has been known.



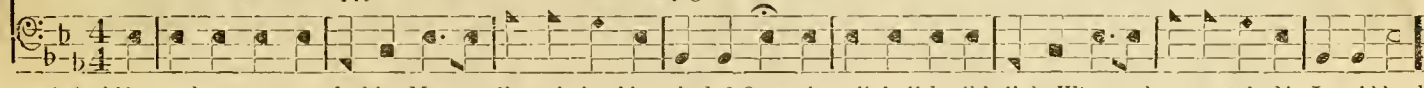
1 Pil-grims we are, to Ca-naan bound, Our journey lies a-long this road; This wilderness we travel round, To reach the cit-y of our God.



2 A few more days, or weeks, or years, In this dark desert to complain; A few more sighs, a few more tears, And we shall bid adieu to pain.



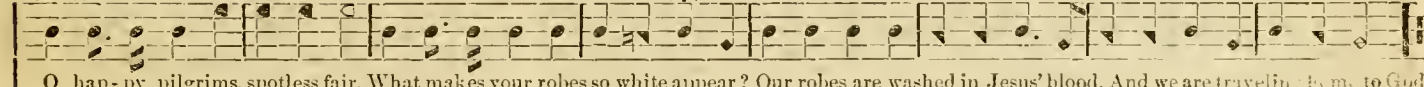
3 O blessed land! O happy land! When shall we reach thy golden shore? And one redeemed unbroken band U-ni-ted be for-ev-er more.



4 And if our robes are pure and white, May we all reach that blest abode? O yes, they all shall dwell in light Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.

5 We all shall reach that golden shore If here we watch, and fight, and pray; Strait is the way and strait the door, And none but pilgrims find the way.

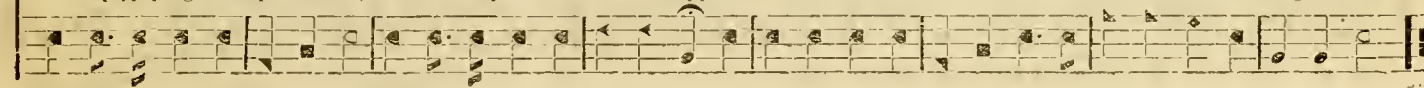
CHORUS



O hap-py pil-grims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear? Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood, And we are traveling home to God.



O hap-py pil-grims, spotless fair, What makes your robes so white appear? Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood, And we are traveling home to God.



THE MORNING BELLS.

1 Hark ! the morn - ing bells are ring - ing ! Children, haste with-out de - lay : } Come, children, come ! the
Prayers of thous-ands now are wing - ing, UP to heav'n their si - lent way. }

2 'Tis an hour of hap - py and meet - ing, Children meet for praise and prayer ; } Come, children, come ! the
But the hour is short and fleet - ing, Let us then be ear - ly there. }

3. Do not keep our teach - ers wait - ing, While you tar - ry by the way ; } Come, children, come ! the
Nor dis - turb the school re - cit - ing, 'Tis the ho - ly Sab-hath day. }

4 Chil - dren, haste ! the bells are ring - ing, And the morn - ing's bright and fair, } Come, &c.
Thousands now u - nite in sing - ing, Thousands, too, in sol - emn prayer. }

bells are ring - ing, To the school with haste repair. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing, All u - nite in sol - emn prayer.

bells are ring - ing, To the school with haste repair. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing, All u - nite in sol - emn prayer.

bells are ring - ing, To the school with haste repair. Let us all u - nite in sing - ing, All u - nite in sol - emn prayer.

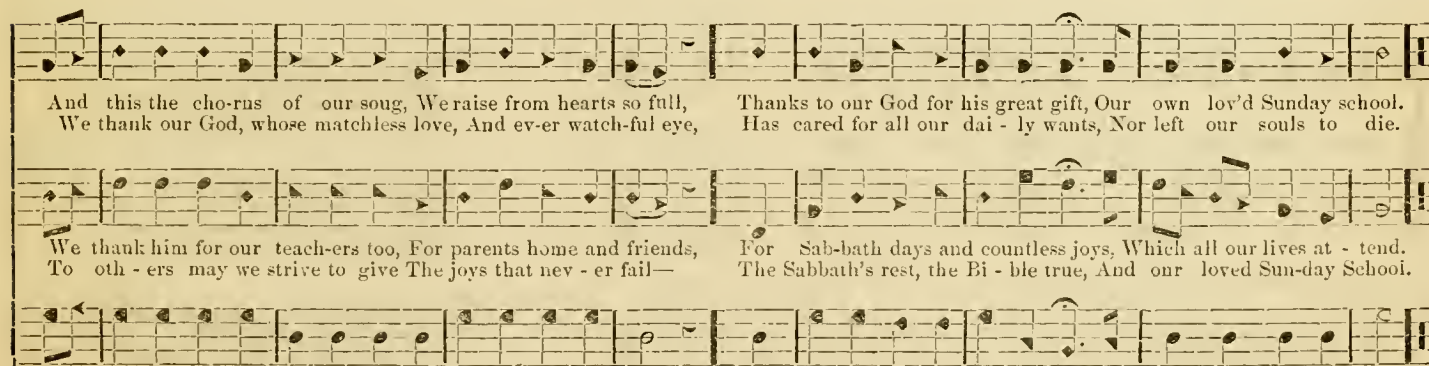


1 We're gathered here, a hap - py band, This festal day to greet; To join in songs of grateful praise, And friends and teachers meet;

2 An-oth - er year is past and gone, And time with flying pace, Still bears us swift-ly to the grave, Nor fal-ters in the race,

3 We thank him for our pastor dear, Whose kind and faithful words Have every Sabbath met our ear, To lead us up to God.

4 Then join with us the song of praise, Lift up your voices round, And may the fu-ture of our days, With grateful acts a - bound;



And this the cho-rus of our song, We raise from hearts so full, Thanks to our God for his great gift, Our own lov'd Sunday school.

We thank our God, whose matchless love, And ev-er watch-ful eye, Has cared for all our dai - ly wants, Nor left our souls to die.

We thank him for our teach-ers too, For parents home and friends, For Sab-bath days and countless joys, Which all our lives at - tend.

To oth - ers may we strive to give The joys that nev - er fail— The Sabbath's rest, the Bi - ble true, And our loved Sun-day School.

Chorus to each verse.

The Sun-day School! the Sun-day School! Oh, it can never be

That aught can cause me to for - get A place so dear to me.

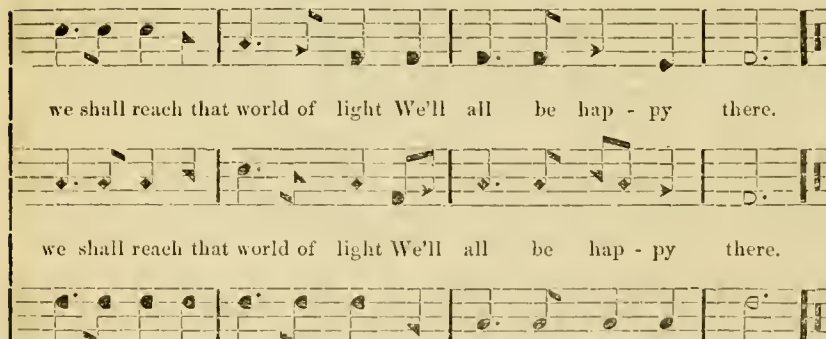
CHORUS



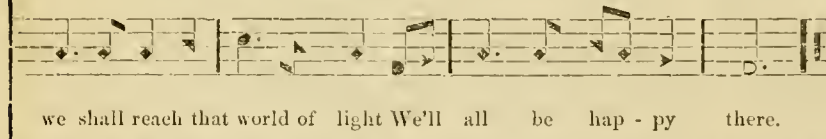
1 There is a world of perfect bliss Above the starry skies;
Op-press'd with sorrows and with sins, I thither lift mine eyes. } O that world, bright and fair! How I long to be there, When

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest, And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed Is tranquil and serene. } O that world, bright and fair! How I long to be there, When

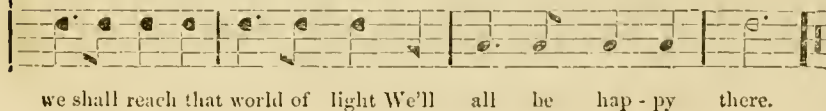
3 Fare-well to earth, and earthly things; In vain they tempt my stay:
Come, angels, spread your joyful wings, And bear my soul away. } O that world, bright and fair! How I long to be there, When



we shall reach that world of light We'll all be happy there.



we shall reach that world of light We'll all be happy there.

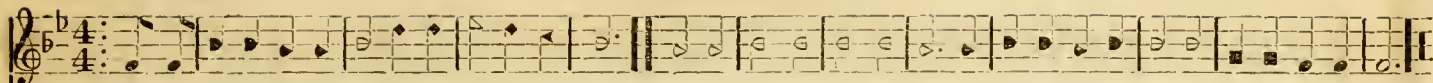


we shall reach that world of light We'll all be happy there.

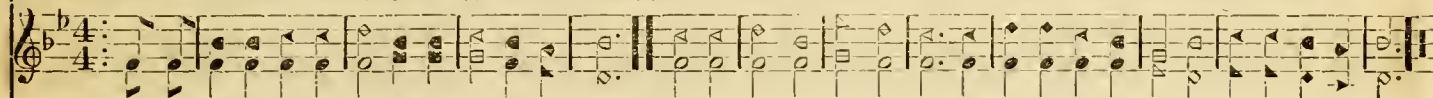
1 Sing, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing:
Ye pilgrims, now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

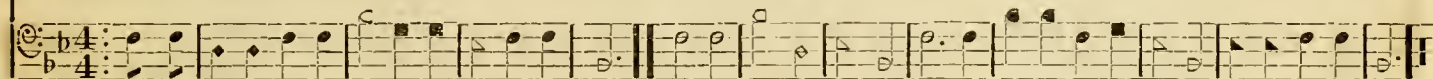
2 March on, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
With joyful hopes still fix your eyes
On Zion's heav'nly hill.



1 We shall see a light ap-pear, By-and-by, when he comes; } Ride on, Jesus, O ride on! We're on our journey home, We're on our journey home.
We shall see him full and clear, By-and-by, when he comes; }



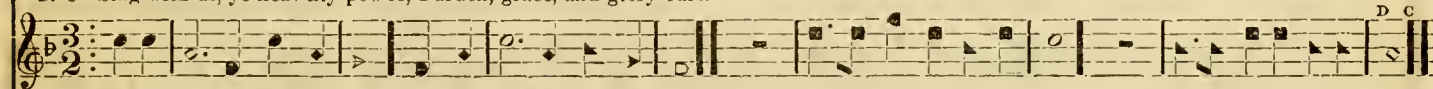
2 We shall have a mighty shout, By-and-by, when he comes; } Ride on, Jesus, O ride on! We're on our journey home, We're on our journey home.
We shall like the stars shine out, By-and-by, when he comes; }



MONTROSE. 7's.



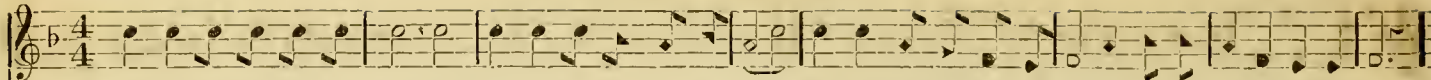
1 Sons of God, triumphant rise, Shout th'accomplished sacrifice! }
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven, Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n! }
d. c. Sing with us, ye heav'nly pow'rs, Pardon, grace, and glory ours. } Ye that round our altars throng, List'ning angels, join the song,



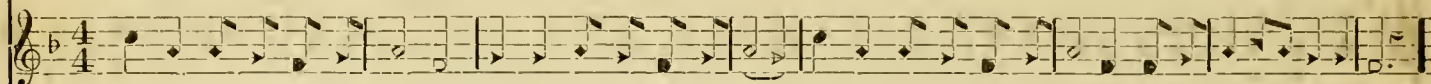
2 Love's mysterious work is done; Greet we now th' atoning Son; }
Heal'd and quickened by his blood, Join'd to Christ and one with God. }
d. c. When his utmost grace we prove, Rise to heav'n by perfect love. } Him by faith we taste below, Mightier joys ordain'd to know,



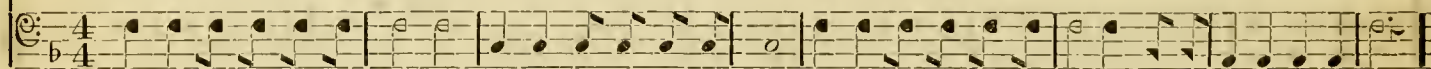
Ye that round our al - tars throng, List'ning an - gel's join the song,
Him by faith we taste be - low, Mightier joys or-dain'd to know.



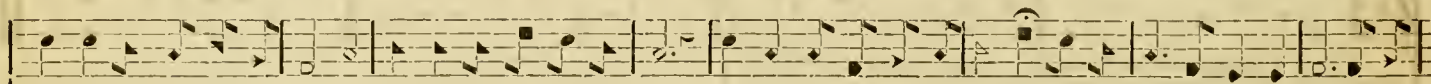
1 When we hear the mu-sic ring-ing, Thro' a bright ee-les-tial dome; When sweet angel voices singing, Gladly bid us welcome home,



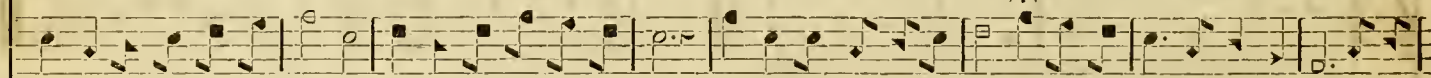
2 When the ho - ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we know the friends that greet us In the glorious spirit land?



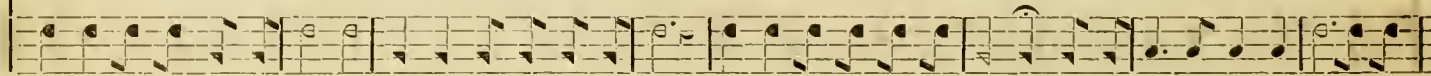
3 Yes, my earthborn soul re - joice - es, And my weary heart grows light; For the bless-ed an - gel voices, And the an-gel fa - ces bright,
4 Ohi, ye wea-ry ones, and tost ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join your lov'd and lost ones In the land of perfect day,



To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spirit knows no care, In the land of light and glory, Shall we know each other there? Shall we



Shall we see their dark eyes shining, On us as in days of yore, Shall we feel their dear arms twining, Fondly round us as be - fore? Shall we



That shall welcome us in glo - ry;—Are the loved of long a - go— And to them 'tis kindly given, Thus their mortal friends to know, Shall we
Harpstrings touched by angel fingers, Murmur in my rap-tur'd ear; Ev-er-more the sweet tone lingers— We shall know each other there, We shall

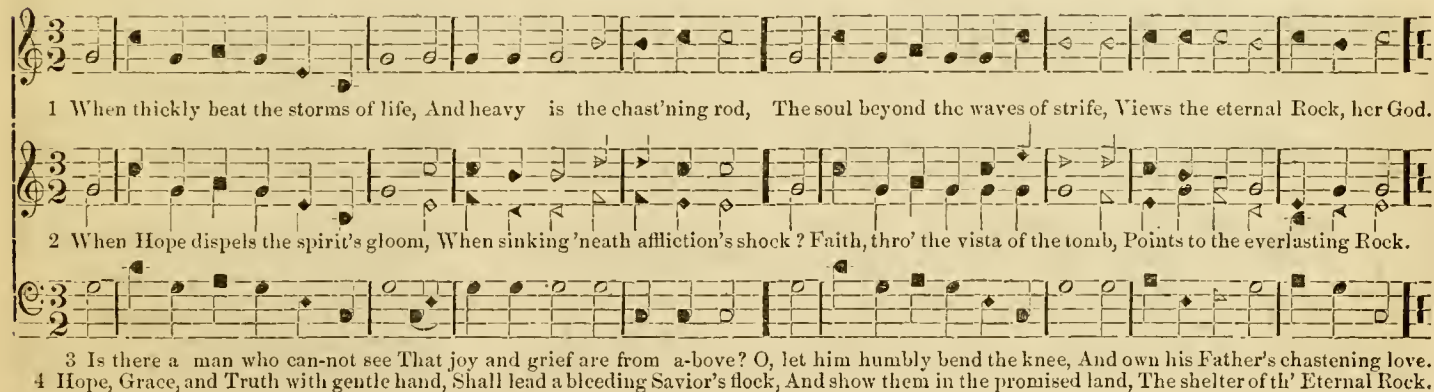


know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?

know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?

know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er, Shall we know each oth - er there?
know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er there.

ZELEK. L. M.



1 When thickly beat the storms of life, And heavy is the chast'ning rod, The soul beyond the waves of strife, Views the eternal Rock, her God.

2 When Hope dispels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock? Faith, thro' the vista of the tomb, Points to the everlasting Rock.

3 Is there a man who can-not see That joy and grief are from a-bove? O, let him humbly bend the knee, And own his Father's chastening love.

4 Hope, Grace, and Truth with gentle hand, Shall lead a bleeding Savior's flock, And show them in the promised land, The shelter of th' Eternal Rock.

1 We shall meet be-yond the riv-er, By - and - by, by - and - by ; }
And the darkness will be o - ver, By - and - by, by - and - by ; } With the toilsome journey done, And the glorious battle won,

2 Down with all of earth's de-lu-sion, By - and - by, by-and - by ; }
War and strife, and sin's con-fu-sion, By - and - by, by-and - by ; } We shall rest our pil-grim feet On the shores where loved ones meet,

We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and - by, by - and - by.

There to dwell in bliss com - plete, By - and - by, by - and - by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By-and-by, by-and-by ;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by ;
And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

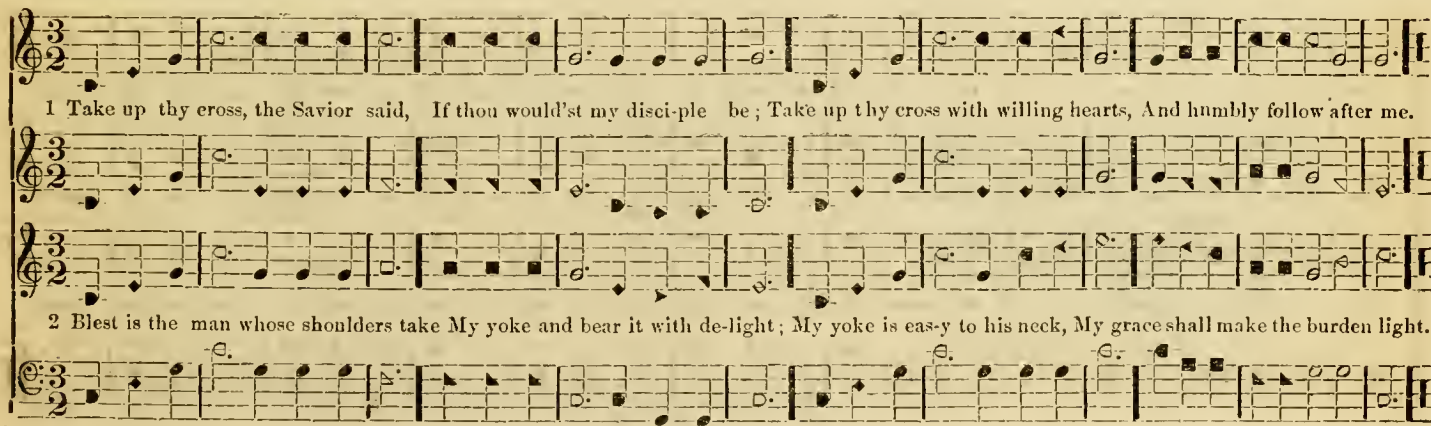
4 When with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by ;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by ;
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.



1 Meet and right it is to sing, In ev' - ry time and place, }
 Glo - ry to our God and King, The God of truth and grace; } Join we then, with sweet accord, All in one thanksgiving join;
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, E - ter - nal praise be thine.

CROSS. L. M.

T. L. CARMICHAEL.



1 Take up thy cross, the Savior said, If thou would'st my disci-ple be; Take up thy cross with willing hearts, And humbly follow after me.

2 Blest is the man whose shoulders take My yoke and bear it with de-light; My yoke is eas-y to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light.

1 Be - hold how the Lord has girt on his sword : From conquest to con-quest pro-ceeds, From conquest to con - quest pro - ceeds !

2 His word he sends forth From south to the north ; From east and from west it is heard, From east and from west it is heard ;

3 To Je - sus a - lone, Who sits on the throne, Sal-va-tion and glo - ry be - long, Sal - va-tion and glo - ry be - long :

How hap - py are they, who live in this day, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds, And wit - ness his won - der - ful deeds !

The reb - el is charmed, the foe is dis-arm'd ; No day like this day has ap-pear'd, No day like this day has ap - pear'd.

All hail, bless - ed name, For-ev - er the same, Our joy, and the theme of our song, Our joy, and the theme of our song !

1 Lord, I be-lieve: thy power I own, Thy truth I would o-bey: } Lord, I be-lieve: but gloomy fears Sometimes bedim my night:
I wan-der com-fort-less and lone, When from thy paths I stray. }

2 Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy people known; } A rest where all our soul's desire Is fixed on things a-bove;
A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And thou art lov'd a-lone. }

I look to thee with prayers and tears, And cry for strength and light.

Where fear, and sin, and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.

1 Saw ye my Sa - vior? Saw ye my Sa - vior? Saw ye my Sa - vior and God? Oh! he died on Cal - va - ry,

2 He was ex - tend - ed! he was ex - tend - ed! Shame - ful - ly nailed to the cross; Oh! he bow'd his head and died,

3 Je - sus hung bleeding! Je - sus hung bleed - ing! Three dread - ful hours..... in pain; Oh! the sun re - fused to shine,

To a - tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.

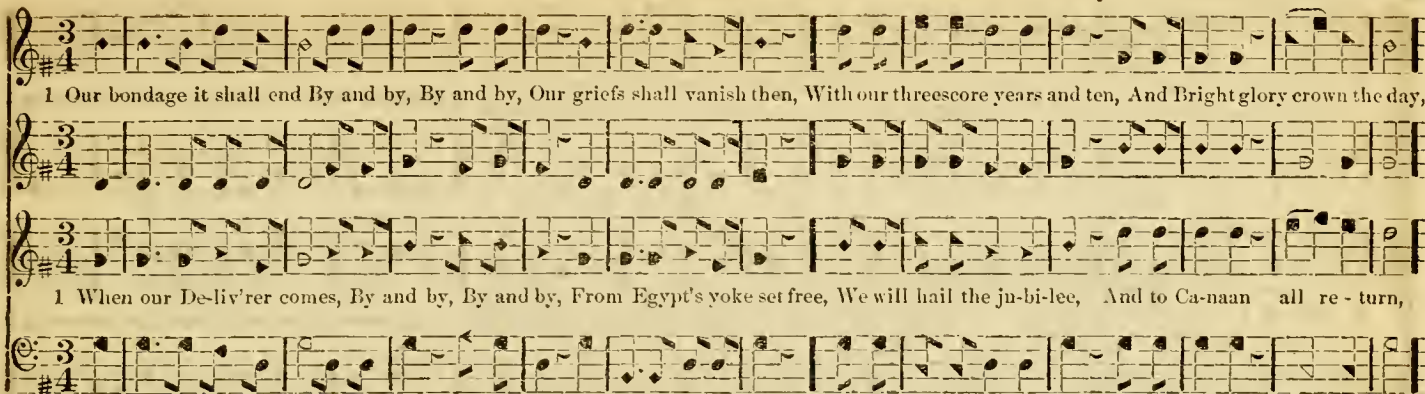
Thus my Lord was crn - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

When the Maj - es - ty di - vine, Was de - ri - ded, in - sult - ed and slain.

- 4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land—
Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man!
- 5 Hail! mighty Savior! hail, mighty Savior!
Prince, and the author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bands of death,
And in triumph left the earth—
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 6 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live:
Crying, "Father, I have died,
(O behold my hands and side!)
To redeem them, I pray thee, forgive!"

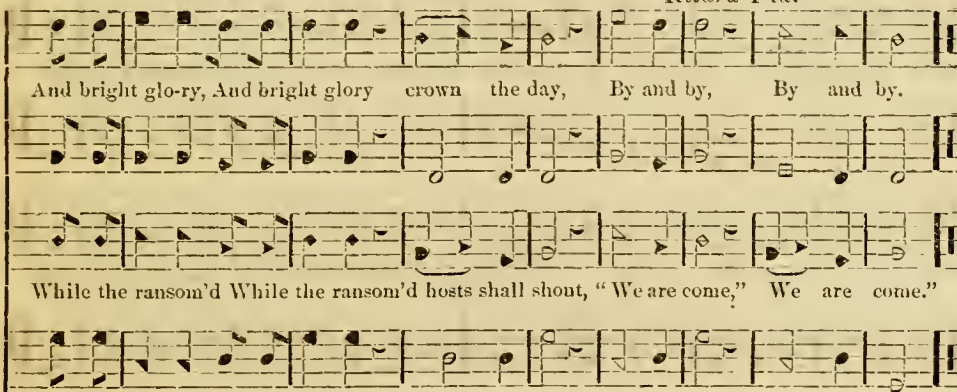
BRIGHT GLORY.

Furnished by T. A. MARSHALL. 149



1 Our bondage it shall end By and by, By and by, Our griefs shall vanish then, With our threescore years and ten, And Bright glory crown the day,

1 When our De-liv'rer comes, By and by, By and by, From Egypt's yoke set free, We will hail the ju-bi-lee, And to Ca-naan all re - turn,

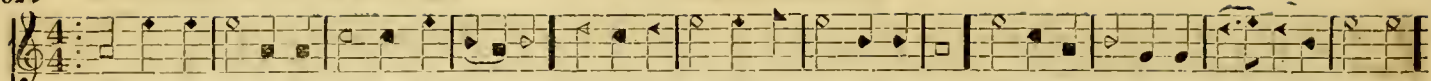
Ritard Pia.


And bright glo-ry, And bright glory crown the day, By and by, By and by.

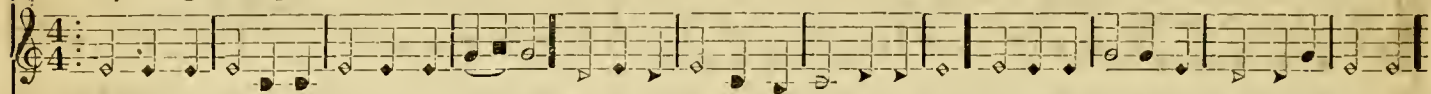
While the ransom'd While the ransom'd hosts shall shout, "We are come," We are come."

- 3 And when to Jordan's flood,
 We are come,
 We are come,
 Jehovah rules the tide,
 And the waters will divide,
 While the ransom'd hosts shall shout,
 While the ransom'd,
 While the ransom'd hosts shall shout,
 "We are come,"
 "We are come."

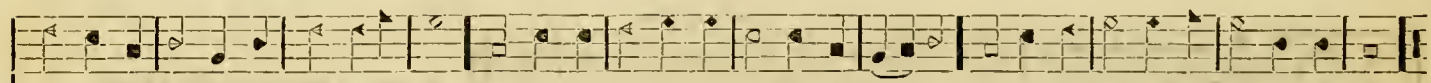
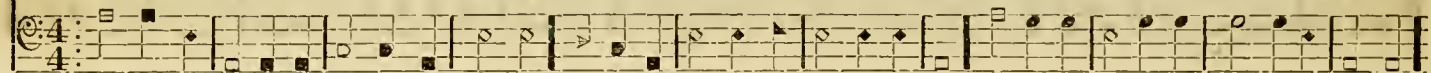
STAR IN THE EAST.



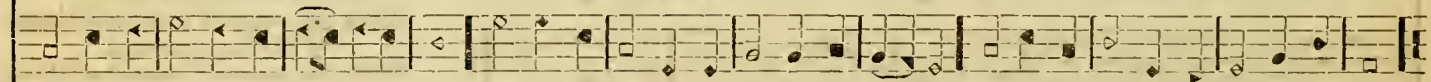
1 Hail the blest morn, see the great Me-di-a - tor, Down from the regions of glo - ry descend ! } Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing !
 Shepherds go worship the Babe in the man-ger, Lo ! for his guard the bright angels at-tend. }



2 Cold on his era-dle the dewdrops are shin-ing ; Low lies his bed, with the beasts of the stall ; } Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing !
 An-gels a - dore him, in slumbers re - clining, Wise men and shepherds before him do fall. }

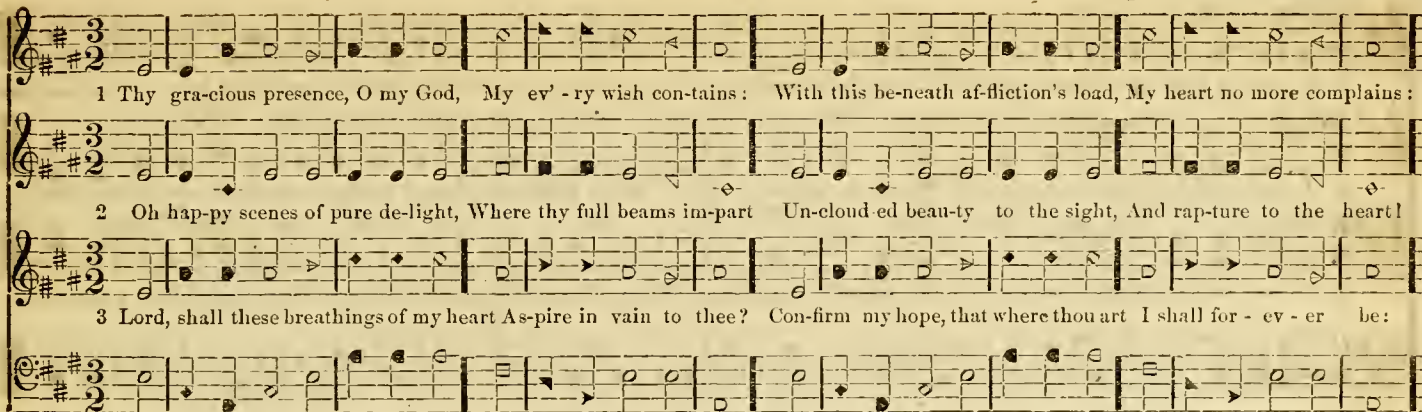


Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ; Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Gdide where our in-fant Re-deem-er was laid.



Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid : Star in the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er was laid.

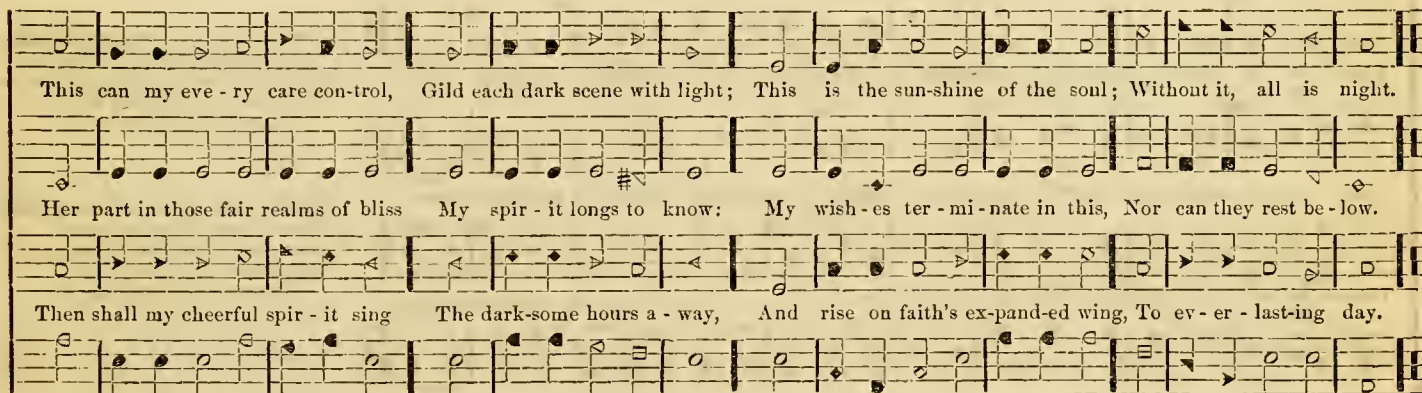




1 Thy gra-cious presence, O my God, My ev'-ry wish con-tains: With this be-neath af-fliction's load, My heart no more complains:

2 Oh hap-py scenes of pure de-light, Where thy full beams im-part Un-cloud-ed beau-ty to the sight, And rap-ture to the heart!

3 Lord, shall these breathings of my heart As-pire in vain to thee? Con-firm my hope, that where thou art I shall for - ev - er be:



This can my eve-ry care con-trol, Gild each dark scene with light; This is the sun-shine of the soul; Without it, all is night.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss My spir-it longs to know: My wish-es ter-mi-nate in this, Nor can they rest be-low.

Then shall my cheerful spir-it sing The dark-some hours a-way, And rise on faith's ex-pand-ed wing, To ev-er-last-ing day.

1 I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed angels are ; Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear, and toil, and care.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land, Where my Re-deem-er reigns, Where rapturous songs of triumph rise, In endless, joyous strains.

3 I love to think of the heavenly land, The saints' e-ter-nal home, Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade, And all our joys are one.

CHORUS

There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no parting, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no parting there.

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting, There'll be no parting there.

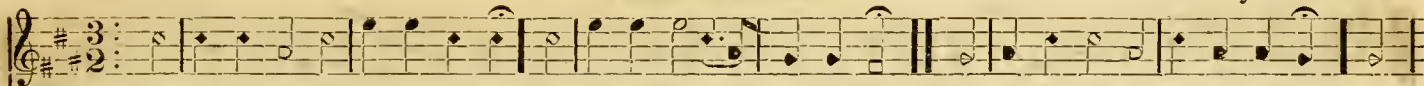
There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no parting, There'll be no part-ing, There'll be no parting there.

I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,—
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.
There'll be no parting, &c.

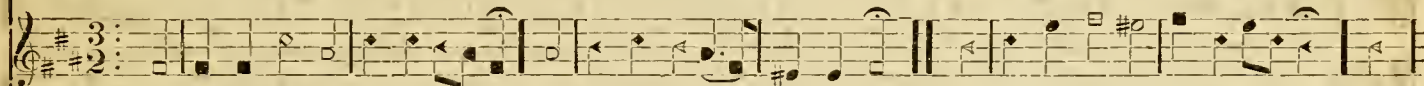
I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
O, how my raptured spirit longs,
To be forever there!
There'll be no parting, &c.

WAYFARING STRANGER.

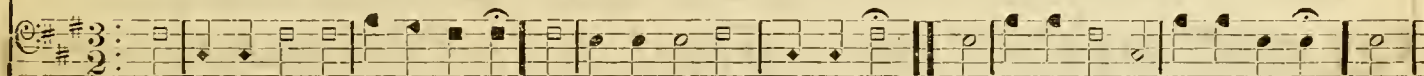
Arr. by ALDINE. 153



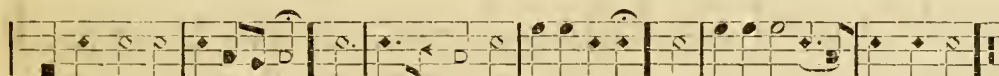
1 I am a poor way-far-ing stranger, While journeying thro' this world of woe; } I'm go-ing there to see my fa-ther; I'm
Yet there's no sickness, toil, nor dan-ger, In that bright world to-which I go.



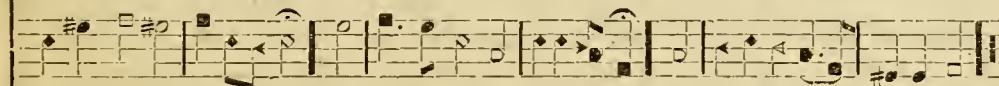
2 I know dark clouds will gather round me; I know my way is rough and steep; } I'm go-ing there to see my moth-er; She
Yet beau-teous fields lie just before me, Where God's red-cem'd their vigils keep.



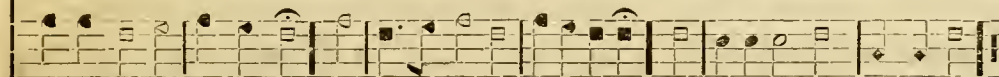
3 I feel my sins are all for-giv-en; My hopes are placed on things a-bove, } I'm go-ing there to see my chil-dren; I
I'm go-ing o'er to yon bright heaven, Where all is joy, and peace, and love.



go-ing there no more to roam: I'm just a-go-ing over Jor-dan—I'm just a-go-ing o-ver home.



said she'd meet me when I come; I'm just a-go-ing over Jordan—I'm just a-go-ing o-ver home.



know they're near my Father's throne; I'm just a-go-ing over Jor-dan—I'm just a-go-ing o-ver home.

I want to wear a crown of glory,
When I get home to that good land;
I want to sing salvation's story,
In concert with the blood-washed band.
I'm going there to see my class-mates,
Whov'e gone before me one by one;
I'm just a-going over Jordan—
I'm just a-going over home.

I'll soon be free from every trial:
My body will sleep in the old church yard:
I'll drop the cross of self-denial,
And enter on my great reward.
I'm going there to see my Savior;
To sing his praise in heaven's dome;
I'm just a-going over Jordan—
I'm just a-going over home.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moments come, When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home!

2 To Je-sus Christ I sought for rest, He bid me cease to roam, And fly for ref-uge to his breast, And He'd conduct me home.

3 When by af-flic-tion sharply tried, I viewed the gaping tomb; Although I dread death's chilling tide, Yet still I sigh for home.

No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt'ring dome; This world's a wilderness of woe—This world is not my home.

I would at once have quit the field, Where foes with fury roam, But O, my pass-port was not sealed,—I could not yet go home.

Wea-ry of wand'ring round and round, This vale of sin and gloom, I long to quit th'unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.



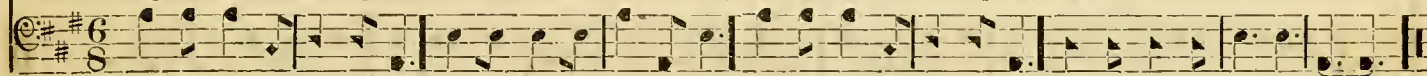
1 Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints to-gether meet, When the Savior is the theme, When they join to sing of him:



2 Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa-ther move; He be-held the world undone, Lov'd the world and gave his Son.

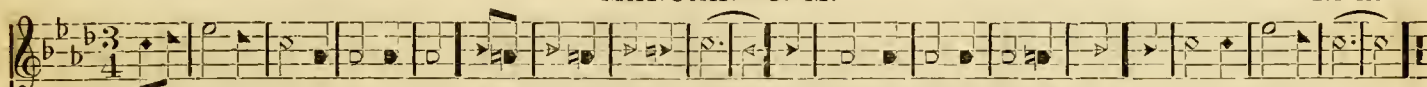


3 Sing the Son's a - maz-ing love; How he left the realms a-bove, Took our nature and our place, Lived and died to save our race.

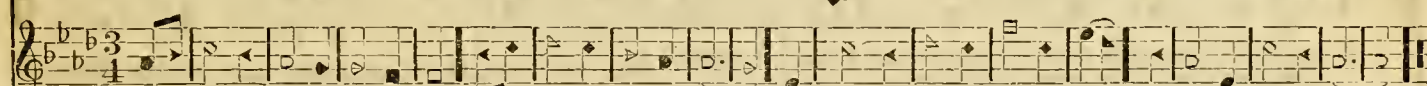


MANOAH. C. M.

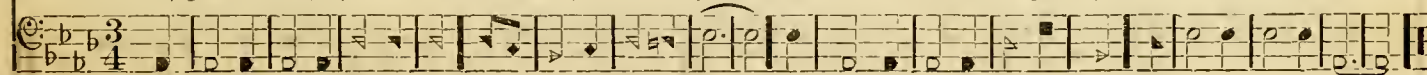
ROSSINI.



Oh, gracious God, in whom I live, My fee - ble ef-forts aid; Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Tho' trembling and afraid.



Hear, gracious God, my humble moan, To thee, I breathe my sighs; When will the mournful night be gone, And when my joys a - rise?



1 Children of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sa-vior's worthy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad: Christ our Advocate is made: Us to save our flesh as - sumes,—Brother to our souls be - comes.

VERNON. 7's.

1 Fount of ev - er-last-ing love? Rich thy streams of merey are, } Lo! thy church, thy garden now, Bloom beneath thy heavenly shower,
While we feel, and melt and bow, Mild yet mighty in thy power.

2 God of grace, before thy throne, Here our warmest thanks we bring; } Hear, O hear our grateful song, Let thy spir - it still descend:
Thine the glo - ry, thine a-lone, Loudest praise to thee we sing;
Roll the tide of grace along, Widening, deep'ning to the end.

1 The time is swift-ly roll - ing on When I must faint and die; My bo - dy to the dust re - turn, And there for-got - ten lie.

2 Let per - se - cu-tion rage a - round, And An-ti - christ ap-pear: My si - lent dust be-neath the ground; There's no disturbance there.

3 Thro' heat and cold I've oft - en went, And wandered in de-spair, To call poor sin-ners to re - pent, And seek the Sa-vior dear.

4 My brother preachers, holdly speak,
And stand on Zion's wall,
T' revive the strong, confirm the weak,
And after sinners call.

5 My brother preachers, fare you well,
Your fellowship I love;
In time no more I shall you see,
But soon we'll meet above.

6 My little children, near my heart,
And nature seems to bind,
It grieves me sorely to depart,
And leave you all behind.

7 O Lord, a father to them be,
And keep them from all harm,
That they may love and worship thee,
And dwell upon thy charms.

8 My loving wife, my bosom friend,
The object of my love,
The time's been sweet I've spent with you,
My dear and harmless dove.

9 My loving wife, dont grieve for me,
Neither lament nor mourn;

For I shall with my Jesus be,
When you are left alone.

10 How often you have looked for me,
And oft-times seen me come;
But now I must depart from thee:
And never more return.

11 For I can never come to thee;
Let this not grieve your heart,
For you will shortly come to me,
Where we shall never part.

1 Sleep not, sol-dier of the cross! Foes are lurking all a-round: }
 Look not here to find re-pose; This is but thy battle ground. } Up! and take thy shield and sword; Up, it is the call of heaven!
 Shrink not faithless from thy Lord; Nobly strive as he hath striven.

2 Sweet, at the dawn-ing light, Thy bound-less love to tell; And, when ap-proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re-joice.

PRAISES. S. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious acts to sing, To praise thy name, and hear thy word, And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawn-ing light, Thy bound-less love to tell; And, when ap-proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re-joice.

1 To Je-sus the crown of my hope; My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh bear me ye cher-u-bim up, And waift me a-way to his throne.

2 My Sa-vior! whom absent I love; Whom not hav-ing seen I a-dore; Whose name is ex-al-ted a-bove All glo-ry, do-minion and power;—

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain My soul from her portion in thee: Ah! strike off this ad-a-mant chain, And make me eternally free.

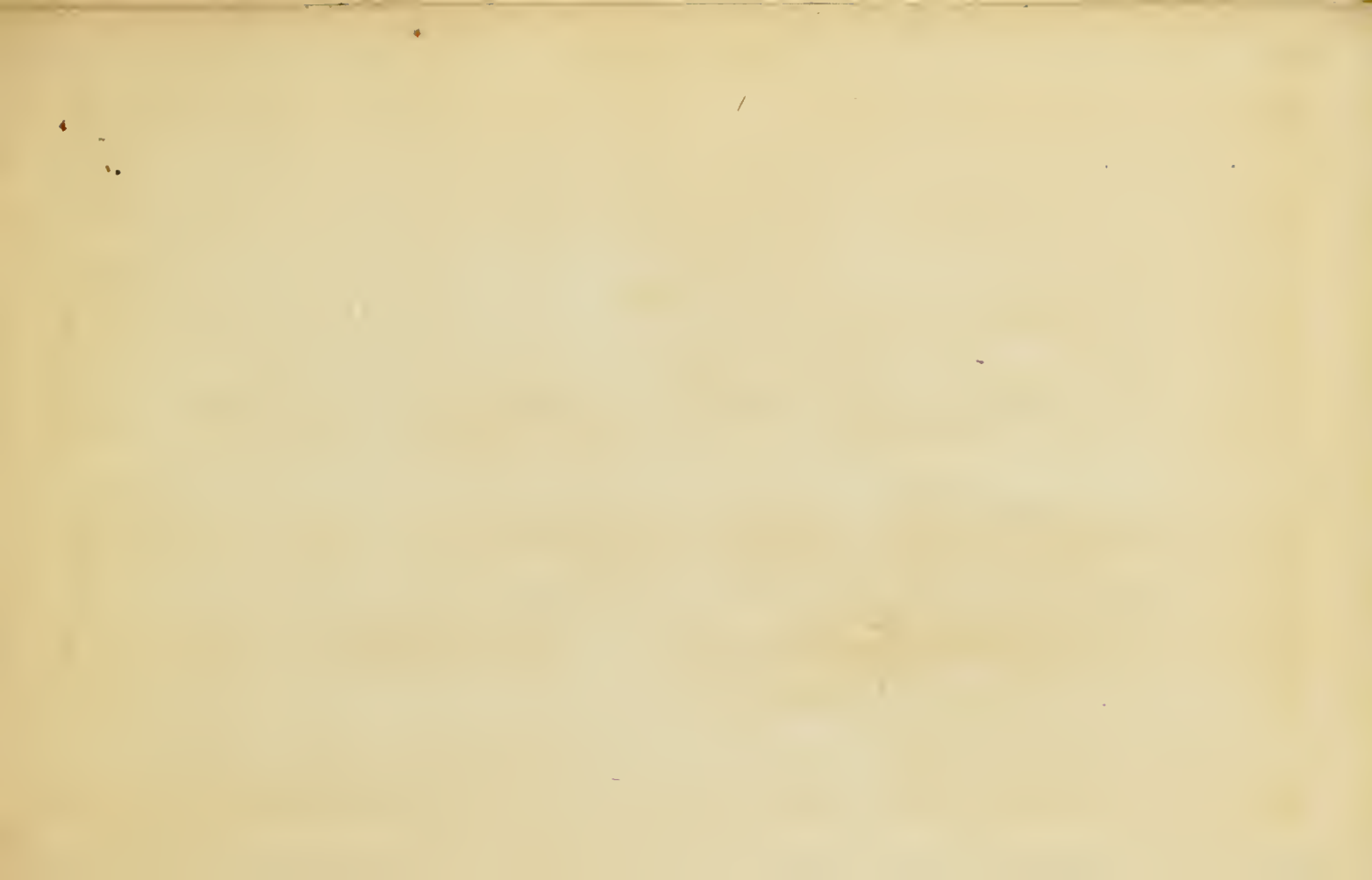
MEAR. C. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye dis-tant lands, Ye tribes of ev'-ry tongue; His new dis-cov-er'd grace de-mands A new and no-bler song.

2 Say to the na-tions, Je-sus reigns, God's own al-migh-ty son; His pow'r the sink-ing world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joy-ful day, Joy through the earth be seen; Let cities shine in brrht-er ray, And fields in cher-ful green.

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